

My Secrets of Love

by
Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of
"Three Weeks"
"His Hour"
"Where Love Leads"
Etc.

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

The
American Weekly

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No. 2

When You're Engaged

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SO Celia has captivated Henry! That charming diamond and ruby ring is upon her left third finger—and she awakes to the delicious fact that Henry is her affianced husband! They are only going to be engaged for about a month. Long waiting is stupid. War is over—and a home and repose seem good things to contemplate.

But now, Celia, do be careful! Remember! It required a great effort of your intelligence to cause Henry to love you, and that therefore it will require a double amount to keep him in that blissful state called, "being in love"—when every thought of his brain and atom of his being is affected by a pleasant thrill, when he thinks of or is near you.

It is only then that two human beings can rise beyond the things of this material world of ours into a happy sphere, whose atmosphere seems to envelop them with transcendence.

Celia is probably feeling grateful to God—she unconsciously wishes to give of her best and her highest in return for this happiness. Henry is excited also.

But it lies with the woman—if she has been the seeker and has won—to keep the affair upon this level of joy! If she makes the slightest mistake her influence wanes.

One of my maxims is:
"A fool can win the love of a man, but it requires a woman of resources to keep it!"

During the engagement she should be just as careful to please Henry as she was before. She must not rest on her laurels and imagine that now she is free to express herself, regardless of what effect this may have upon him. By "pleasing" Henry I must reiterate that I do not mean pandering to his slightest wish and making herself into a doormat—I mean using her sagacity to act in whatever way she now knows will arouse his admiration and interest.

While the engagement is going on she must make him realize that the woman he has chosen is in every way worthy of honor, and she must quietly let him understand that she will not put up with anything but his highest courtesy and consideration. When a man loves a woman she can easily do this, and she will then have established a sound basis

for his treatment of her later on. If he has any ugly sides to his character, now is the moment instinctively to improve them, if they cannot be altogether eradicated; keeping always in mind that she is playing a difficult game, the stakes being their future mutual happiness. Celia must look her very best, and not be fretful and demoralized by the inevitable

rush of getting clothes and preparing for the new home. She must never blur Henry's picture of her as his heart's desire.

And, above all, she must never forget that Henry is human, and so his male hunting instinct must never be allowed

"Even at the engaged stage do not be exacting and unreasonable. Try to be as sensible as you would be were you only friends."

Continued on Page 19



'Bohemian Girl' at Arlington Theatre

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL will be the Christmas week offering at the Arlington Theatre. It is one of the most popular of all operas, which has not been given in Boston for more than half a dozen years. In every act "The Bohemian Girl" is a succession of famous melodies. Its tale is romantic, its scenes are picturesque, and its plot about the girl of high birth, who is stolen by the gypsies and is finally returned to her father, is interesting in the extreme. The music is by Michael Balfe, the Irish composer, and his libretto by Alfred Bunn. Special stage effects will be featured. Chorus, orchestra and principals have been rehearsed by Arthur Dorman and Philip Farnes. Miss Helen will appear as Arline at all of the performances. Joseph P. Sheehan and Lynn Griffin alternating as Thaddeus, Stanley Denson and William F. Northway as Count Arlohm, Bertram Goltz and Harold Galt as Devincham, and May Barren and Alice May Carter as the Gypsy Queen.

BONNET AT SYMPHONY

An artist at the Symphony concert this week Joseph Bonnet, the first organist of France, will play with the orchestra. Bonnet's organ concerto, Branca's minor symphony and Liszt's "Mephistopheles" will also be performed.

OLSHANSKY RECITAL

Benjamin Olshansky, the famous Russian pianist, formerly with the Boston and Montreal opera companies, is to give a recital at Jordan Hall Wednesday evening, January 1. An elaborate program is planned for the recital, at which time Mr. Olshansky will sing in Russian.

manian, Russian, French, Italian and English.

SYMPHONY HALL NOTES

Josef Rosenblatt, the noted Jewish pianist, will be the star attraction at Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon. Jan. 2.

HOLMES TRAVELOGUES

The annual series of Burton Holmes Travelogues are soon to begin in this city. Last Summer Mr. Holmes ventured all over Northern France, Alsace-Lorraine, the occupied Rhineland and through Belgium. As a result, he and his camera bring back impressions of the time of his visit and as well as they will doubtless look to the vast army of American tourists who will be abroad this coming year. The lectures will be given on five Friday evenings and Saturday matinees, beginning January 3 and 19.

FRANKLIN PARK THEATRE

May Allison leads the program at the Franklin Park for the first half of the week in the farce "Fair and Warner." The latest Mack Bennett comedy, "A Ladies' Tailor," featuring Bennett's extraordinary beauty, and vaudeville are also billed. For the last of the week the screen features will be Allen Joyce in her latest production, "The Winchester Woman," which will also be offered. There will be a show tonight.

GLOBE THEATRE

For the initial half of the week at the Globe, the vaudeville will be shown in "Mockingbirds." A Robertson Cole special full of spirited action and stunning costumes. Edith Roberts and Frank Mayo will also be shown in "Lovers." The concluding half of the week brings Eugene O'Brien in "The Broken Melody" and Herbert Rawlinson and Florence Billings in "A Dangerous Game." There will be a show tonight.

Film Stars Act in a Raging Sandstorm

EVERY traveller in the Southwest soon hears of the "Santa Ana," the audacious, most terrifying, then cyclone or tornado. The sandstorm in "Desert Gold" is known to the millions, who have read Sam Gray's famous novel. Cameron and Burton, who is featured in the Waldorf Theatre bill this week, the producers, lose their lives. In the photo, the great desert of the all-star troupe and camera force. Then it cleared and the huge sand dunes seemed rolling, and it was necessary to bring forth the "wind machine" and finish the job. Thanks to the real storm, Director T. Hayes Hunter took some wonderful scenes, something he claims, never before equalled in the history of motion pictures.

GRIFFITH FILM COMING TO WALDORF

A dramatic thought in the description given by W. Griffith's picture, "The Mother and the Law," announced the attraction at the Waldorf Theatre for the week beginning December 29. Among the more prominent players in "The Mother and the Law" are Robert Harlan, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Ralph Lewis, Walter Long and Albert Lee.

REMARKABLE RUN OF PICKFORD FILMS

For a star to play twenty-eight consecutive weeks in Boston is ever profitable business is an achievement that is really unique. The fact that this list, a full three more will be added to the number of weeks of the star's engagement makes the accomplishment the more remarkable still. It is that Mary Pickford has all the extensive "shows" needed to her credit in the showing of her were taken in the bowling storm, to picture, "Topsy Long Legs" and

"The Hoodlum." The latter entered its final three weeks at Tremont Temple Monday.

HASSALL'S UNIQUE STAGE EXPERIENCE

It seldom happens that a comedian plays the same part first in a farce comedy, without music, and then in a musical comedy adapted from the same play; but that has been the experience of George Hassall, the Junior "Morning Judge" at the Shubert Theatre.

After leaving the Carlton Square Theatre, as it was called then, Hassall went to Pittsburgh, and it was there he made his first stage debut in the title role of the relicking "The Magnificent." This famous farce has been embodied almost word for word and all scenes for situations in "Good Morning Judge."

Amusements.

An actress whose fame is international, but who has seldom visited Boston in recent years, is Mrs. Mabel Wylath, now appearing with Alice Brady in "Forever After" at the Plymouth Theatre. It was soon after with the popular star who had introduced her place as leading actress in London, she took a leading part in the great Shakespearean festival given in the British capital in 1907 and later organized a company of her own, producing many new plays and reviving others.

The same game and Essex that gave her a prominent place on the London stage now mark her performance in the "Forever After." For years after this charming actress has been among the favorites of the English stage, both in London and in the "Provinces." Her work was by no means confined to appearances with the popular star who had introduced her place as leading actress in London, she took a leading part in the great Shakespearean festival given in the British capital in 1907 and later organized a company of her own, producing many new plays and reviving others.

NOTED ACTRESS WITH ALICE BRADY

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12 SOLOISTS IN A SPECIAL HOLIDAY PRODUCTION OF 12
ALL NEW! ALL NOVEL! ALL LIFE AND SPIRIT!

THAT WILL ATTRACT YOUR ATTENTION

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THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH MUSIC HALL COMEDYEN

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JUST RETURNED FROM AFRICAN TOUR

WITH THE SISTERS HELEN AND MARIE REYNOLDS

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THE SILVERLAKES GAUDSMID BROS.

EXTRA ATTRACTION! EXTRA ATTRACTION!

FRANK HURST

IN HIS OWN ORIGINAL ENTERTAINMENT

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

A GIFT FOR EVERY CHILD. BRING THE KIDDER AFTERNOON

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EVERY EVENING. AT 8:00 P.M. FRANKLIN THEATRE

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☐ NEXT SUNDAY Mrs. Glyn
Will Discuss "THE FIRST YEAR
OF MARRIAGE." 73

Interesting Results of Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt's Match-Making

When Mrs. Claire Knight Colford, "The Million-Dollar Bud" Is Set Free from the Man Her Dear Friend Cathleen Picked for Her Fashionable Society Expects an Important New Mating of Four Social Leaders

BLESSED are the peacemakers, it is said in the Beatitudes, according to St. Matthew, but nowhere in Scriptural history is there any reference, good or bad, to the matchmakers. This omission is, without shadow of doubt, perplexing, for matchmaking has been an acknowledged occupation of women as long as history runs. Even in the groves and wise sayings of all races we find no game of ophogram that give the matchmakers a definite place in the scheme of things.

This may be because there can be no real definite judgment upon the success of their efforts—even when they are apparently good or apparently bad. Who can tell what factors which could not possibly be known by the matchmaker made them turn out miserably? And who can tell, equally, what similarly unknown factors made them successful?

It is the filing of the divorce suit of Mrs. Sidney Colford, one of the most charming and courted belles of New York, Newport, and Philadelphia fashionable society, which raises these philosophic thoughts and presents the latest and most interesting for years of matchmaking problems. For no less a person than Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt herself admitted making the match between the beautiful Claire Knight and the dashing Sidney Colford. It was she, too, who brought together Mr. Philip Potter, nephew of the distinguished Bishop Potter, and the charming and fashionable Frances Downing, and the announcement of this engagement was made in her own home at Newport.

While this latter does not seem on the surface to be apropos of Mrs. Colford's divorce suit, rumor in fashionable society links it very strongly, for it is the prediction of this same fashionable society that when Mrs. Colford is divorced from the husband that her dear friend Cathleen selected for her, Mrs. Vanderbilt herself will marry Mr. Colford, while the present Mrs. Colford will become the bride of Mr. Francis Potter, brother of Mr. Philip Potter, whom Mrs. Vanderbilt picked out for her other close friend, Miss Downing!

By this it will be seen how really very amazing it is that no general conclusions have ever been drawn about matchmakers when such interesting results as those in this case can occur, no matter how infrequently.

Once again, too, real life proves that unlimited wealth does not insure us against too limited happiness. It was only a few years ago that Mrs. Colford, the "Million Dollar Bud," only daughter and heiress of Edward C. Knight, the Philadelphia sugar king—so-called because her dotting father had announced upon her debut that he would spend a million dollars upon her to make her a happy debutante and another million to make her a happy bride—was the most discussed debutante in Newport society. A little later she was the most discussed bride; and now she is the most discussed young matron, and it would seem that her great wealth and Mrs. Vanderbilt's propensity for matchmaking are responsible for it.

Now that what for five years has seemed the inevitable has actually happened, society, Janes-faced, is looking both backward and forward. And correctly to understand the present amazing situation a slight resume of Mrs. Colford's career must be given. For after all, the foundations of the rumors and gossip now prevalent were laid several years ago, when her parents were grooming her for her social prom- enuency.

Some fourteen years ago the Edward Knights arrived in Newport fresh from an expensive and successful season at Monte Carlo and other Riviera resorts. The Knight wealth was breath-taking even for Newport, but in the beginning the Philadelphia took them rather coldly. When, however, they bought a large plot of land fronting on the cliffs and running through to Bellevue avenue, society had a change of heart.

Almost by magic a veritable fairy palace appeared upon that site. More than a million dollars was spent on the place, and it was all to be the setting, and the Knight said, for their only daughter, Claire, who would make her debut there. Before that, of course, there must be a coming-out ball, the Quaker City talked for many seasons. It cost many thousands of dollars, and rivaled in expensive sensations anything ever given in this city.

In discussing the ball, Mr. Knight said, "I have already spent a million dollars to make my daughter a happy debutante and I am willing to spend another million to make her a happy bride. My money will all go to Claire, anyway, so I'm going to

spend all I can for her while she is young and can enjoy it."

Naturally, Mr. Knight could not read the future and foresee what was in store for his only child. Just after her debut, her uncle died, making her his heiress and thus she came into a special fortune estimated at twenty million dollars. With this fortune in hand, another in the future, and her beautiful Summer home on the cliffs, Miss Knight speedily became the pet of the Newport colony.

Sailors sprang up on all sides, men of wealth and social prestige besieged her, and so did many others of no fortunes at all.

But at eighteen, Claire Knight lost her heart to the most financially impossible of all of them and would pay no attention to the desirability of the suitors who fluttered about her. Her choice was Sidney Colford, Jr., only son of Sidney Jones Colford, one-time Newport gambler and husband of the beautiful "Red Hot" Chatrand. The Colfords were identified with the old Newport set. Sidney was a great favorite with Claire and the young married woman, and his beautiful sister, Edith Colford, was a great belle.

While every one made a great pet of young Sidney, he was not taken seriously as a matrimonial possibility, and Claire Knight's devotion to him received considerable comment, as also did Cathleen Vanderbilt's (Mrs. Reggie's) engineering of the romance. Mr. Knight, albeit still willing to spend his fortune to make his daughter happy, did not feel that young Colford could, if he did everything possible to break up the romance. When Miss Claire's first season ended, her parents took her abroad, hoping that a Monte Carlo visit would cure her, but, separated from the youth she adored, the lovely girl failed steadily in health until the doctors whispered that she might die of a broken heart!

Feeling that at least while there was hope, there was hope, the Knights returned to Philadelphia, summoned young Mr. Colford to a conference and then announced the engagement.

The wedding took place almost immediately. The bride, the possession of a large fortune and a husband she loved, the bride speedily regained her health and vivacity. In recalling this desperate love affair society now finds it difficult indeed to realize that not only is the wife's name being coupled with that of another man, but that the husband is also coupled with being eager to marry a very prominent divorcee in the Newport set.

But truth is ever as strong as fiction, and sometimes more so. Following their marriage, the young Colfords continued close friends of the "Reggie" Vanderbilts. In fact, the two men had been pals since their boyhood, and the two wives, of course, had been tremendous friends all along. The four young ones were together; but after a time society heard that the Colfords were estranged, later they heard the same thing of the Vanderbilts, but nothing openly happened for a year or two. Then it became apparent that Mr. Vanderbilt had dropped out, leaving a trio and this trio has lasted to the present moment.

"Ah," whispered society, hearing in time of the separation of the Vanderbilts, and seeing Mrs. Vanderbilt constantly with the Colfords, "Cathleen's doing her best to patch up things between her two dear friends. And, as a matter of fact, time and again when the Colford ménage neared dangerous reefs, Mrs. Reggie

stopped into the breach and smoothed things over.

During these years Mr. Knight was lavish with money and affection for his daughter and with intense bitterness for his son-in-law. But Colford, because of his lack of wealth, was in no position to resent his father-in-law's attitude and five years ago hints of a divorce began to be made. Then the Colford's second child was born at the Vanderbilt Hotel and society decided that everything was fairly smooth once again.

This period of public peace continued a few months, when another estrangement took place, which lasted until Sidney Colford went to France as an ambulance driver. Society, always wise, said "Now that Sidney is proving himself so brave, Claire will make up with him."

And in a way she did, for the night before he sailed for overseas she gave a dinner for him at the Vanderbilt, with Mrs. "Reggie" Vanderbilt as her second guest of honor.

When America joined the fight Colford was transferred to the Marine Corps, a good deal of action, and won decided honors for heroism. While he was overseas, Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Colford continued their intimacy, everything nothing to a lasting reconciliation between the husband and wife. Then the armistice came and Colford returned.

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The night of his arrival Mrs. Colford gave a welcoming dinner for him, with the same guests who had attended the going away feast.

All parties concerned in this interesting situation have been the most friendly terms. Those who have gossiped about disagreements between Mr. and Mrs. Colford have been puzzled by the fact that the husband, the wife and their friends have all continued with most cordial relations. Society has been puzzled. One question asked quite frequently is why, if a divorce was about to be begun, the disagreeing couple should go so far in their efforts to keep up appearances as to travel together on various occasions with every evidence of amiable companionship.

Last Summer when Mrs. Colford had her friend, Mrs. Alice Potter Adams, married to Charles Martin in her home in Connecticut, Mr. Colford was listed among these present. Later, when Philip Potter married Frances Downing in Boston, Mrs. Colford, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Martin, Francis Potter and Sidney Colford arrived in Boston and put up at the same hotel.

It was this Boston visit particularly that called the gossip and brought them up again in the end. Four months after this Boston trip Mrs. Colford entered suit for absolute divorce on the grounds of desertion and cruelty, asking for the custody of her two small daughters.

Thus far the results of looking back- ward. Now to look forward.

Fashionable society sees Mrs. Colford a charming, young and wealthy divorcee. It sees her besieged with suitors, much as she was as a debutante. Being young and desirable, there can be, of course, little reason to expect her to live the rest of her life in single blessedness. There is absolutely no reason, morally or legally,

why she should. Society rubs its glasses and peers forth to discover, if possible, whether any one man rather than another might be singled out. In the words of the fortune teller, a haze obscures the possibilities, but one figure stands out somewhat clearer than the others—Francis Potter, an older brother of Mrs. Colford's close friend, Alice Potter Martin.

This is, indeed, interesting, for Mr. Potter has kept rather in the background where women are concerned, since his pretty Baltimore wife got her divorce. He is a good-looking, unassuming, person, nephew of the late Bishop Potter, and formerly connected with the diplomatic corps. He left diplomacy, which is a lucrative job, and joined the staff of a large New York department store. If he now bays there should become more clear following Mrs. Colford's divorce society would not be at all astonished.

Then, of course, there is Mr. Colford's future to be studied. Here, again, there can be no reason for him to remain a bachelor, or should we say grass widow? Young, with a reputation for courage obtained by his war service, and blessed with a fairly settled income, Mr. Colford eventually can find a mate for his future years. Gossip says right out loud that he will not have far to seek and openly consoles his name with that of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Even in his frankness society for once has the grace to be astonished over this problematical match, for there have been so many obstacles to overcome by the lady and so many parallels to Mrs. Colford's own romance.

Mrs. Reggie, like Mrs. Colford, was so desperately in love with her girlhood's lover, Reggie Vanderbilt, that she almost died of a broken heart when the match

was first opposed. Later they were married, and eventually their lives ran along the same lines as the Colfords'. When a separation came, Mrs. Reggie, because of her religion, refused to get a divorce. Not until last Summer, five years after the separation, did she serve herself to the point of entering suit. With this step taken, Mrs. Vanderbilt, legally, is free to marry again. She, like Mrs. Colford, is young, wealthy and in every way desirable.

And if this comes about, as society believes it will, it will be most truly an astonishing result of the former Mrs. Vanderbilt's matchmaking proclivities. How, seeing that the man she picked for her dear friend Claire failed to keep her love, can Mrs. Vanderbilt feel sure that he can retain hers? And how, seeing unquestionably that her girl friend could not keep Mr. Colford's heart, can she be sure that she can hold it?

Alas! none can say. Only the future can bring the answer.

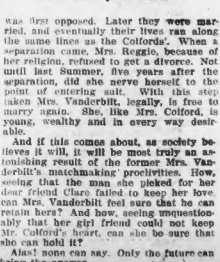


Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt (Now Divorced), Who Made the Colford Match, Which Has, in Fashionable Society Gossips, Turned Out So Oddly for Herself



Mrs. Sidney Colford, Jr., Formerly Miss Claire Knight, the "Million Dollar Bud" and one of the Principals in a Most Interesting Divorce Suit

Mr. Sidney Colford.



Science Has Produced A "Super-Hen"

An Enormous Fowl, Nearly as Big as a Turkey, Will Soon Be On the Market with Eggs Extra Big—Surprising Experiments in Raising Chickens by Electricity

By Rene Bache.

THE "superhen"—an entirely new and superior type of chicken—is soon to make her first bow to the public. She will be a wonder.

Scientific experts have succeeded in establishing her as a definite breed, after the expenditure of much time and patience. As a result, we shall have chickens as big as fair-sized turkeys, and eggs nearly twice as large as those to which we are accustomed.

This announcement was made the other day in Boston by Alton E. Briggs in an address to the National Poultry, Egg and Hatter Association, of which he is president.

Inquiry develops the fact that two distinct new breeds have been established. One of them is of giant size and heavy weight, producing huge eggs. The other is no bigger than the ordinary Leghorn, but has a marvellous laying capacity. It is the long-sought "200-egg hen."

To rear a large and heavy fowl costs proportionately more in feed than to raise a small one. Where, then, is the greater profit?

The answer is that such fowls are much more economical as producers of meat. They have much more flesh in proportion to their weight. Fowls of this character do not ordinarily appear on the poultryer's stall; the housewife has no chance to buy them. They are bought up by the packers—largely in Illinois and Iowa, where their production has been specialized—and put up in boxes, each holding twelve. Res. restaurants and hotels take practically the entire supply, paying several cents more per pound than every-day chickens fetch.

A chicken of this kind is not, however, as massive muscular structure, with much development of breast. It cuts up like a small turkey. The new type of giant fowl will be greatly larger and built on the same lines.

In the ordinary market a big egg sells for no more than a small egg. But there exists what is called a "fancy demand" for extra-large eggs, and some chicken farms make a business of supplying them, because they command a special price. There is a call for them by fashionable hotels and by luxurious private establishments that will pay anything for whatever is better than the common people can afford to enjoy.

For greater importance, however, is the production of a maximum number of eggs per hen. There lies real wealth. The average hen lays 120 eggs in a year. It could be made to produce 200 eggs in a year, and the resulting money gain for the farmer and other poultry raisers of the United States would represent four times the value of all the gold and silver dug out of our mines in 1919.

The output of the American hen for 1919 is estimated at \$5,000,000,000, representing a value of about \$800,000,000 to the poultry owners. This number of eggs would weigh 2,812,500 tons and would load 56,250 freight cars.

Nearly all of these eggs are obtained from small flocks of a dozen to fifty hens. The farmer's wife takes care of the birds, feeds them, and usually has the "egg money" for her own spending. What a difference it will make to her if she can get hold of a breed that will yield nearly twice as many eggs per hen!

For egg production, the best hens are of the smaller breeds, such as Leghorns. They are most economical, delivering the greatest number of eggs for a given quantity of food. Hence the aim of the expert in trying to develop a "superhen" for egg-laying purposes has been to obtain a small-sized bird that would produce only fair-sized, two ounces eggs, but many of them.

The "200-egg hen" has been the standard and kept hopelessly in view. Was it too high? Surely not. The late lamented Lady Blandford, a white Leghorn, laid 216 eggs in 365 days. That showed what a hen could do.

It may be that some day a breed capable of producing 300 eggs per annum—average output per hen, that is to say—will be developed. Such a hen might lay two eggs on some days. But for the present a production of 200 eggs is good enough. It is understood that the new "superhen" may be confined on to do as well as that.

The long-sought "200-egg hen" has hitherto offered one of the most puzzling problems that the scientific breeder has ever tackled. The experts started out with the idea that the daughter of a first-class layer could be herself a good layer. There was nothing in it. A thousand experiments proved that a pullet of most desirable maternal extraction in this

respect was no more likely to prove a superior egg-producer than any other female chicken of the same variety. The really big discovery was made when it was ascertained definitely and beyond peradventure that high egg-laying power is bequeathed to the pullet not by her mother but by her father. It is the rooster that transmits this desirable quality.

Out of this discovery has mainly come the development of the "superhen." A cock that is the son of a prolific mother will produce daughters capable in nearly every instance of high egg-production. Obviously, then, the desirable rooster for a flock is one that is known to have been hatched from an egg laid by an exceptionally productive hen. If selection of males be thus conducted through a series of generations, all the hens will inevitably be superior layers, and the output of eggs will be increased at least 50 per cent.

It is substantially by this means that the "superhen" has finally been developed. She represents inheritance through a long line of male ancestors who were "carriers" of the high egg-laying quality, handing it on generation after generation to their daughters.

Since long before the dawn of history poultry-owners have for obvious reasons kept the best laying hens, killing the others. It naturally followed that the eggs "set" for hatching, and most fastenings brought into the world roosters that were the offspring of exceptional layers. Thus, without knowing what they were about, old-time folks were adopting a sure method of increasing from generation to generation the laying power of the hens.

The new discovery in this regard merely enables the breeder to go about the business in an exact and scientific way. He will set no egg laid by an unidentified hen, and he must also be acquainted with the father of the expected chicken. The father of the hen must be positively known; and the greater the number of the generations through which the pedigree can be carried back in the male line, the more sure he may be of the quality of the hatchlings from that one—if a pullet, that it will be a prolific egg-layer; if a cock, that it will produce high-grade female offspring.

Did it ever occur to you to ask what kind of birds our chickens are? They are pleasant, and come from the Orient. No

wonder, then, that the well-bred varieties are so beautiful.

The original ancestor of all the chickens of today is a relatively small bird that is still found wild in the forests of Southern India where it is known as the "jungle fowl." The cock weighs about three pounds, and the hen half a pound less. It is reddish brown in color, looks a good deal like a modern game chicken, and lays 25 to 30 small white eggs in a year.

Surely one of man's most remarkable achievements has been the development from this humble original stock of all the many varieties of chickens known to us today. This egg has been multiplied in weight by five; the bird itself in size by four. Even more important, the average domestic hen lays four times as many eggs.

These marvels have been accomplished by selective breeding. But the methods adopted have not until recently been directed by scientific knowledge. How can it be reasonably doubted that with such exact knowledge available further and progressive improvements in our chickens will be made from this on—per se, for weight of egg and particularly for prolific egg-production?

Some remarkable experiments with "electricized" chickens have recently been in progress on a large poultry farm at Poole, England. To start with, a house for newly hatched chicks was built in a series of "flats," and about it was wound a series of wires in turns 8 inches apart. Through this wire a current of electricity was passed for ten minutes every hour during each day.

The chicks were thus exposed to a bath of electricity, the effect of which was nothing less than astonishing. In six weeks they grew to ordinary three-month size. They experienced no apparent discomfort, and, far from suffering any injury, they pro-

duced extraordinarily hardy. Ninety-eight in one hundred lived to reach marketable size, whereas under ordinary conditions on big chicken farms not more than sixty in one hundred survive.

When the current was turned on the chicks became so highly charged that a distinct shock was felt in the fingers as they had had exactly the same allowance of color, weighed 35 per cent more than the other.

In an experiment two sets of chicks were subjected to the same conditions, except that the electricized lot got only two-thirds as much food as the others. At the end of one month both lots averaged the same weight.

While trying to work out the all-important problem of augmenting the number of eggs per hen, the experts have managed to solve certain other puzzles very satisfactorily. For one thing, they have pro-

duced breeds that can be relied upon to lay eggs of uniform size and color—a worthwhile matter from a market standpoint. And they have found out why some eggs have yolks of deeper and richer color than others.

The everyday housewife prefers yolks of a deep yellow or reddish tint. They have more "bite," and give a higher flavor to cakes and custards. This richness of color is found when the hen has had plenty of green feed; when deprived of the latter her egg yolks are pale of hue.

All hens would lay white eggs were it not that certain varieties have been bred to lay brown ones. The brown eggshell is in a sense artificial. Many people believe that brown eggs are richer in flavor than white eggs, but the experts declare that this notion has no foundation in fact. In Boston brown eggs command five cents more a dozen than white eggs. In New York, on the other hand, snow-white eggs fetch five cents more a dozen than brown eggs.

Not only does the "fancy" market demand eggs with shells of uniform color, but the whites must be as white as possible. The headwater at any fashionable restaurant would be likely to make a raw if one

of his pet customers were served with two poached eggs that did not match—one of them clear white, perhaps, and the other greenish-white or yellowish-white.

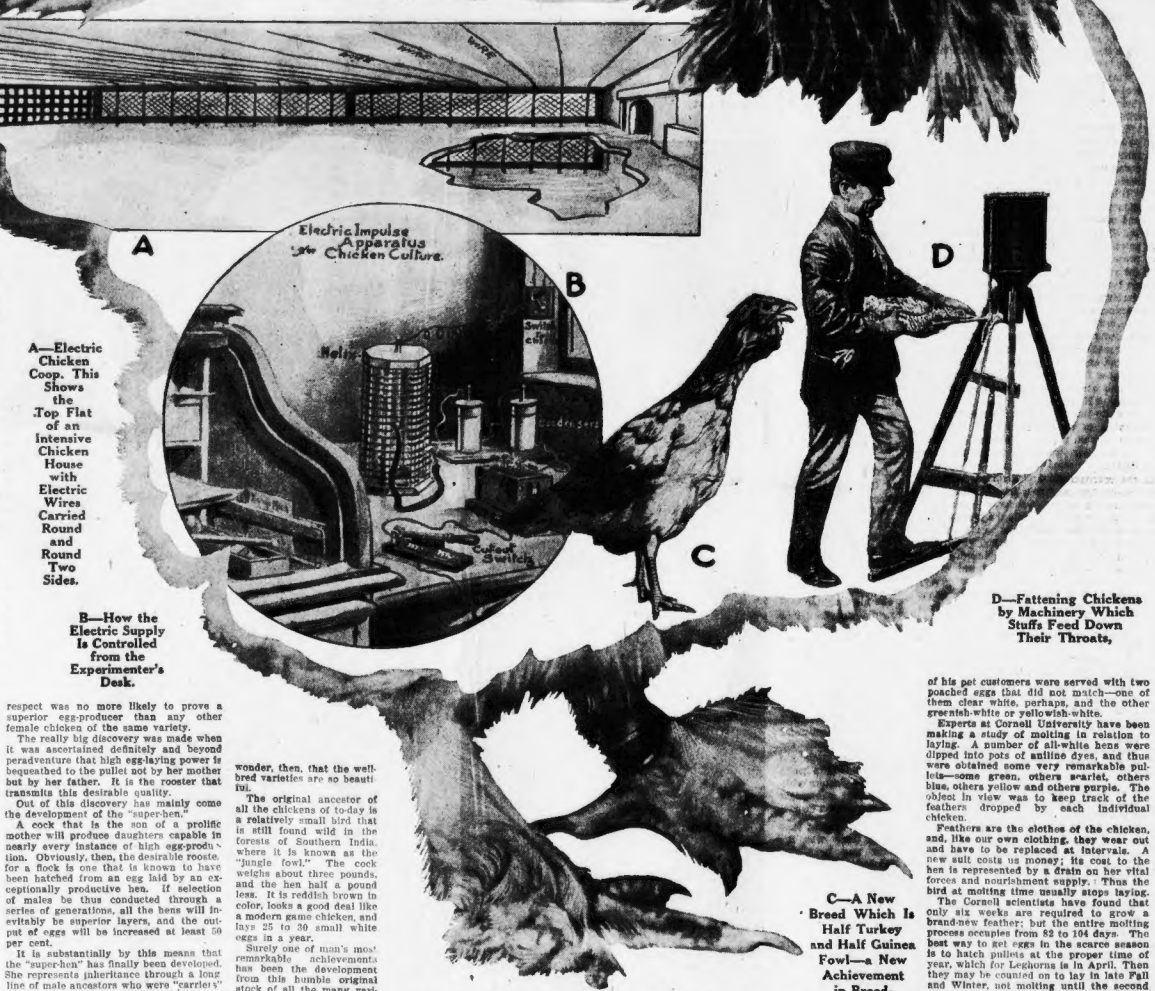
Experts at Cornell University have been making a study of molting in relation to laying. A number of all-white hens were dipped into pots of aniline dyes, and thus were obtained some very remarkable pullets—some green, others scarlet, others blue, others yellow and others purple. The object in view was to keep track of the feathers dropped by each individual chicken.

Feathers are the clothes of the chicken, and, like our own clothing, they wear out and have to be replaced at intervals. A new suit costs us money; its cost to the hen is represented by a drain on her vital forces and nourishment supply. Thus the bird at molting time usually stops laying.

The Cornell scientists have found that only six weeks are required to grow a brand-new feather; but the entire molting process occupies from 82 to 104 days. The best way to get eggs in the scarce season is to hatch pullets at the proper time of year, which for Leghorns is in April. Then they may be counted on to lay in late Fall and Winter, not molting until the second Autumn.

The eggs form a cluster like a bunch of grapes (contained in a sac), and when the hen is laying, they ripen one after another into perfect yolks and pass out into a tortuous passage called the "oviduct." In the oviduct the yolk gathers about itself a quantity of albuminous matter (secreted by glands in the walls of the oviduct), which makes the "white" of the egg. Then a delicate membrane forms around the whole, and finally a fluid containing lime in solution is deposited on the outside of that material on the outside. This coat of lime rapidly hardens and becomes a box, which we call the shell.

The hen possesses two ovaries, or egg containers. For some inscrutable reason only one of them develops, the other falling to do so. If, through lucky accident or otherwise, a breed of chickens could be produced in which the pullets would have both ovaries developed the number of egg-laid would be doubled.



A—Electric Chicken Coop. This Shows the Top Flat of an Intensive Chicken House with Electric Wires Carried Round and Round Two Sides.

B—How the Electric Supply Is Controlled from the Experimenter's Desk.

Electric Impulse Apparatus for Chicken Culture.

C—A New Breed Which Is Half Turkey and Half Guinea Fowl—a New Achievement in Breeding.

D—Fattening Chickens by Machinery Which Stuffs Feed Down Their Throats.

ing—the Meat of This Half-Breed Bird Is Said to Be Better Than Turkey.

Was Preston Gibson Worth the Price She Paid?

Mrs. Alexander Pratt May Lose \$2,000,000 in Money, Sued for \$20,000 House Furnishings, Threatened with Having Her Two Children Taken from Her, and is Estranged from Her Own Mother and Father After Marrying a Man Already Twice Divorced

NEW misfortunes are being added almost daily to the many which have befallen the beautiful Mrs. Beatrice Benjamin Pratt as a result of her impulsive marriage to the fascinating Preston Gibson.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Evans Benjamin, have petitioned the Supreme Court to be relieved of the care of a trust fund of \$200,000 for her two children, Dallas Beche Pratt and Cynthia Pratt. After declaring that she "married against the wishes and in spite of the protest of all the members of her family," the petition states:

"As a result there is an estrangement between the plaintiffs and their daughter, which will be permanent and will not in the future permit of the co-operation and confidence which should exist between the trustees of a trust estate and the representative of the beneficiaries."

At the same time Mr. Benjamin has sued his daughter and her husband for \$10,000, issued to her, while she was still Mrs. Pratt, on her notes, which she allowed to be protested.

As the marriage in the brief space of a few weeks has caused an estrangement between herself and her parents and may cost her a fortune of \$1,000,000 and the custody of her own children, it is reasonable to speculate whether the new Mrs. Gibson will find Mr. Preston Gibson worth all she paid for him.

Many other inconveniences besides those mentioned have come to her as the result of the marriage, and past experience suggests that more are likely to follow.

Mrs. Gibson is a grand-daughter of the late H. H. Rogers and draws her wealth from the inexhaustible coffers of the Standard Oil properties. Endowed not only with great wealth but with beauty and a romantic, capricious temperament, it is not surprising that she should have picturesque experiences.

Her first marriage, to Alexander D. B. Pratt, was quite a surprise, the outcome of a yachting trip. Young Mr. Pratt was very popular in fashionable society and the son of wealthy parents, but it is understood did not have a large fortune of his own. Still it was rather a surprise when, after a few years of married happiness, his wife asked for a divorce on the ground of non-support and desertion. The complaint of non-support by a lady with at least \$500,000 a year of her own seemed a crime humorous.

At any rate she obtained a divorce last summer and no sooner had she obtained it than she announced her much opposed engagement to Mr. Preston Gibson.

And here it must be said that Mr. Preston Gibson is exactly the type of man who exercises an irresistible fascination over many women and leads them to make every imaginable error.

He has already been divorced by two charming and wealthy wives, who made an interesting variety of complaints against him.

The knowledge that a man has been favored by their own sex unquestionably exerts a fascination over many women. He possesses a prestige that is overwhelming. This fascination is felt particularly by the best and most innocent of women, but it is also felt by those who are experienced and sophisticated.

But because a woman is fascinated by a man with a record it does not follow that she will find permanent happiness with him, nor does it follow that she will not. History records many cases of girls who have settled down to domestic happiness with men of various experience. "Reformed" makes the best husband, "goes the old saying, but that saying is not particularly popular at the present day. It appears that the girls who make a success of such marriages must have been very patient, devoted and self-sacrificing girls of the "Patience O'Rourke" type. Those characteristics are possessed in an extraordinary degree by many women, but it is said that our wealthy American girls are not cultivated them especially. After all, why should a woman sacrifice herself for a man?

From the moment Mrs. Beatrice Pratt announced her intention of marrying her present husband she met with the most outspoken opposition from her father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. William Evans Benjamin. Probably the fact that Mr. Gibson



Gibson's Divorced Wife No. 1, Formerly Miss Minnie Field.

The Fascinating Mr. Preston Gibson.

Photo by International News Service.

Mr. Preston Gibson's Divorced Wife No. 2, Formerly Miss Grace Jarvis.

had already been divorced by two charming wives counted for much in their opposition, but they had even other episodes in mind. The beautiful Mrs. Pratt, however, and her chum had secretly in a motor car to Greenwich, Conn., where they were married by a justice of the peace. As soon as the bride's mother heard of the event she made this statement:

"It is a great disappointment. It has the entire disapproval of both the Rogers and Benjamin families."

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson left New York hurriedly on their honeymoon, which consisted of a tour of the Adirondacks. The day after their departure Mrs. Gibson's mother made another protest showing even more intense indignation against the marriage than before.

"I am so sick and so thoroughly disturbed over the divorcing affair that I have just broken down," she husband is also contented to his bed as a result of this affair.

"They did not ask our blessing or our permission. I know full well how we felt about it. They knew that we condemned it."

"There can be no reconciliation or forgiveness."

"I will not again receive my daughter. As for this man Gibson, he can never set foot in our home. In saying that I have said a multitude of things."

Pratt, endeavored to take the custody of her two children, Cynthia, aged nine, and Dallas, aged five, away from her. One reason Mr. Pratt gave was that his former wife intended to take the children to Europe, "where they would be subject to disease and suffer from shortage of food and lack of proper care."

Mrs. Gibson was allowed to have the children until June 1, 1920 but the matter may be brought before the court again at any time.

There is good ground for saying that her hasty marriage may cost Mrs. Gibson a great fortune. Some authorities place the amount at \$2,000,000, and others as high as \$6,000,000. She was the favorite grandchild of Henry H. Rogers, that famous old autocrat of Wall Street, who made untold millions out of Standard Oil.

The noted multimillionaire seemed to think that his pretty grandchild's talent for amusing herself deserved encouragement, for he left her an income of \$200,000 a year to be paid from his estate.

The possibility that Mrs. Gibson may be deprived of her share in the family estate does not rest on rumor, but on her mother's statement, for when Mrs. Benjamin was asked if she would be taken to deprive her daughter of her share in the family fortune, she answered:

"I shall have a conference with several lawyers and we will see what we can do."

Within two weeks of Mrs. Gibson's marriage her mother filed a \$40,000 bond and replenished a large amount of furniture stored in a New York warehouse. In a complaint Mrs. Benjamin stated that she had loaned her daughter sufficient furniture to fit out her home at No. 1149 Park avenue, but Mrs. Gibson had secured it without her consent. It was apparent that the unwelcome marriage had stirred Mrs. Benjamin to legal action. The furniture included many valuable antique pieces and tapestries, and its value is believed to be far above the \$20,000 stated in the complaint—probably it is worth as much as \$100,000.

Mr. Gibson, who is the son of a former Senator from Louisiana and nephew of Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court, began doing impulsive things in his earliest youth. At twenty-one, when he was a college boy, he made a runaway match with Minna Field, niece of Marshall Field, of Chicago, who was then several years old and a pupil at a girls' finishing school.

One chronicler says that he put a ladder to the window of her room and carried her

A Snapshot of the Former Mrs. "Alec" Pratt—the New Mrs. Preston Gibson—at Palm Beach.

off in his automobile, like an ideal modern Romeo. That was nineteen years ago—in 1900. At her twenty-first birthday the bride came into possession of a fortune of \$2,000,000.

The marriage that began thus romantically did not continue happily. In 1907 Mrs. Gibson brought suit for divorce, charging extreme and repeated cruelty as the basis of her complaint.

In describing her husband's treatment of her Mrs. Gibson said:

"He seized me with his hands at my throat and shook me until my hair came down. He struck me on the shoulder. He attempted to break in the door to my room at the Elm street home. He made three attempts. He often used vile language in my presence. Almost every day he displayed great anger, whether he was violent or not."

"In August, 1900, at York Harbor, Me., he threw an apollinaris bottle at me. His language was abusive."

The judge considered Mrs. Field's charges sufficiently proved to entitle her to her freedom. She received the custody of her little boy.

In the following summer the fascinating Preston Gibson carried Miss Grace Miss Jarvis, grand-daughter of Senator Macmillan, of Michigan, and niece of Lady Harrington, wife of a noted British diplomat. Miss Jarvis was also a great heiress. At this time Mr. Gibson made his headquarters in Washington, where he was as popular as he had been in Chicago.

In Washington he created his noted social theatre, The Playhouse, which he filled with his friends. His own plays were the chief attraction. Among them were "Mrs. Erskine's Devotion," "Fate," "The Vacuum" and "Lola Montez."

Writing about a piece by Gibson called "The Turning Point" one critic declared that its citizens bore a striking resemblance to those of Oscar Wilde and cited ten parallel examples to prove his case.

Mr. Gibson and his charming second wife did not enjoy happiness together very long. After various disagreements Mrs. Gibson began suit for divorce in Washington. She alleged cruelty on her husband's part in Baltimore and New York.

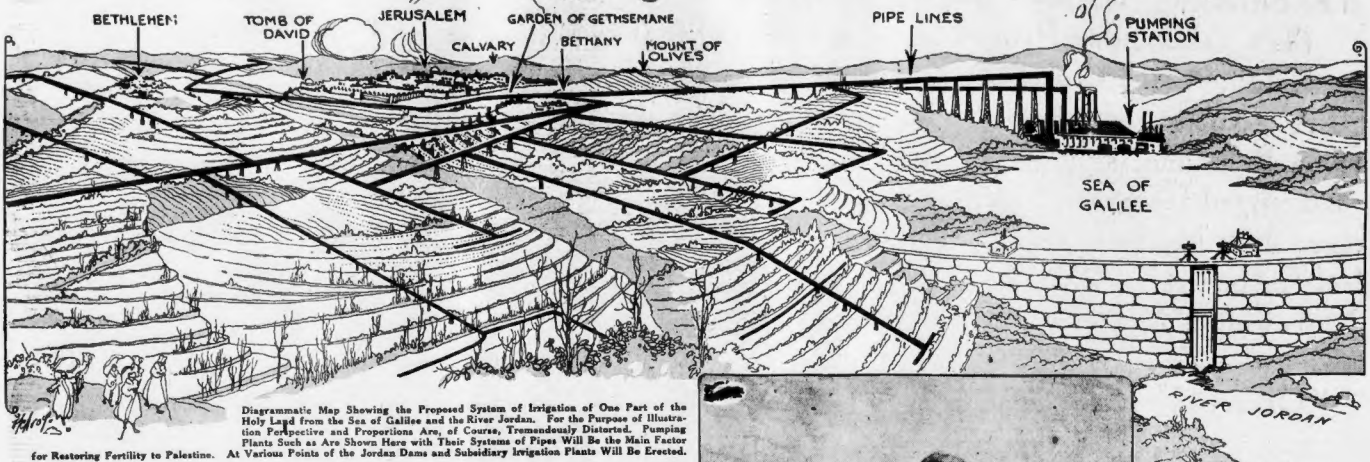
Mrs. Gibson No. 2 obtained her divorce in 1917 in Washington and received the custody of her two children, aged seven and four. On the witness stand Mrs. Gibson told the story of her marriage to him and her separation from him because of his misconduct. She said that for the sake of the children she tried to bear the mortification as he repeatedly promised to reform.

It will be noted that Mr. Gibson has not waited long before entering on his third matrimonial experience.

As this page goes to press Mrs. Preston Gibson No. 3 breaks her silence, and in a sworn statement filed in court adds a mystery to the whole affair by declaring that the Mr. Gibson she tried to bear the mortification as he repeatedly promised to reform.

It is based on other and deeper causes than her marriage to Mr. Gibson.

To Make the Holy Land Again "Flow With Milk and Honey"



Diagrammatic Map Showing the Proposed System of Irrigation of One Part of the Holy Land from the Sea of Galilee and the River Jordan. For the Purpose of Illustration Perspective and Proportions Are, of Course, Tremendously Distorted. Pumping Plants Such as Are Shown Here with Their Systems of Pipes Will Be the Main Factor for Restoring Fertility to Palestine. At Various Points of the Jordan Dams and Subsidiary Irrigation Plants Will Be Erected.

Science and Philanthropy Plan by Irrigation and by Reforesting Its Desolate Mountains and Valleys to Make Palestine Once More the Fertile Garden Jehovah Showed Moses from the Mountain Top

THE Holy Land—Palestine, the land of Gilad and the Promised Land of Scripture—is to be again "a land flowing with milk and honey" if the plans made for it by science and philanthropy come to pass. There seems little reason why these plans should not be carried out.

A vast scheme of irrigation and reforestation, under the control of a British governmental commission, has been completed and approved both by the enlightened Jewish leaders, as well as the Arab Moslems under the guidance of the Grand Mufti, their head.

The project contemplates raising the level of the Sea of Galilee, upon whose waters the Saviour walked, by damming its outlet into the River Jordan. It also contemplates subsidiary dams along the courses of the Jordan and similar manipulation of other streams that run through the valleys and deep gorges of Palestine. An elaborate system of pipings from these reservoirs, great numbers of artesian wells in other regions and the planting of hundreds upon thousands of trees on the now desolate slopes of hill and mountain, are depended on to give the country the moisture that is the only thing needed to make it blossom into the garden it was when Moses looked down upon it from the top of Mount Nebo and saw the promise of Jehovah fulfilled.

The description of Palestine as a fertile, smiling country occurs in the Bible in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Centuries of war, persecution, waste and deforestation have turned it into largely an arid waste, the antithesis of that earthly paradise promised to the prophet.



A Photograph Showing the Desolation Which From Deforestation and Other Causes Has Turned the Garden of the Promised Land into a Semi-Desert, but Which Science and Philanthropy Expect to Restore to Fertility by Irrigation and Tree Planting.

modern miracle that science believes possible.

From the summit of Mount Nebo it is possible to see practically the whole of Palestine. This little State, so rich in the holiest of memories, is not so wide as our State of New Hampshire. In Deuteronomy it is told that "Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilad, unto Dan."

"And all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea."

"And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar."

"And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed. I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

How different is that picture now, which the observer can see from the same mountain top, or from one of the hills just outside Jerusalem, where, according to Dr. Simon Lovenstein, one of the American Red Cross commissioners to Palestine, one can look over the country to the Mediterranean Sea on one side and to the Red Sea on the other!

"Palestine," he says, "is now a tragically barren land. One can walk for miles without seeing a tree or a shrub large enough to cast any shade, and yet this land of our ancient fathers was and can become again an agricultural paradise."

It is largely the destruction of the forests that retained and fed out to Palestine the waters that made it fertile, which is the cause of its present aridity. The effect of the destruction of trees upon a land is too well known to need detailing. Forest masses act not only as reservoirs for rain, but as one of the causes of precipitation. The rainfall soaks into the ground and is retained by the roots, finding its way gradually into brook and stream. Besides this, a gradual evaporation is caused from which comes humidity to be in due course condensed into storm and shower. When trees are ruthlessly cleared away the rain either soaks rapidly through the ground or is carried off at once along ditches or anything which provides a water course. We see this same process in certain parts of the West, where, during the rainy season, dry river beds become in a few minutes rushing torrents. In the pro-



Moses Viewing the Promised Land from Mount Nebo. At That Time the Country the Prophet Surveyed Was as the Bible Says: "A Land of Hills and Valleys, and Driveth Water of the Rain of Heaven."



Camels Drawing Water from One of the Few Desert Wells in Palestine. Supplementing the irrigation from the Streams Will Be an Elaborate System of Artesian Wells.

cess surface soil is eroded and carried away, and the land is literally washed clean of earth. In the West dams have been erected, which now retain this water, which heretofore has run away wasted, and by ditches and pipe lines it is fed out to the surrounding arid country.

For hundreds of years Turkish misgovernment caused the land to be stripped of its natural resources in the way of lumber. But during the war this process of deforestation went on at a tremendous rate.

Dr. Lovenstein, before quoted, and Dr. John H. Finley, his associate in the Red Cross Commission to Palestine, says of this:

"The process of deforestation was tremendously accelerated during the great war. Whole sections of Palestine were cleared of live stock and trees. The Mount of Olives is almost denuded. In some quarters of Bethlehem and other communities the people burned everything they could spare. There is still verdure in the land of Sinai, but only deep and concentrated in the valleys, where there chance to be perennial streams."

While the plan of irrigation is still in abeyance, that of reforestation is in actual effect. In various favorable sections, notably at Gaza, where Sennar drew down the temple of the Philistines, nursery gardens have been planted. Almost a quarter of a million timber and fruit trees have been set out and are growing upon the barren mountain slopes. Upon these slopes open pockets of earth debris, left by the rushing floods of the winter rains. Not only do these provide excellent planting spaces, but by growing in them the trees the area of fertility is enlarged by the action of the roots in breaking up the stony soil. Furthermore, they offer a barrier against further washing away, and also a dam against which will collect the particles of rock and earth washed down in successive rains.

There is little left of the famous oaks of Hebron and of Mount Carmel, where Elijah confounded the priests of Baal led from which, Scripture alleges, he was carried away in a chariot of fire. Here, however, reforestation will not be so difficult, as the removal has been so recent that the

soil has not yet been washed away. Also, new saplings are thrusting themselves up from the mutilated stems and protective measures are being taken to allow the forest to rejuvenate themselves as much as possible.

Elaborate experiments are being made to find out just what kind of quickly growing trees, not indigenous to Palestine, may be set out there. Among those already being tried and which are growing well are various Australian trees, such as the eucalyptus and the wattie; the cypress, carob and cassia trees also seem to do well in the Holy Land. Other nurseries are to be started just as soon as funds will permit, and every section of Palestine where a tree will grow or a field can be cleared will be mapped out and attended to as soon as possible.

Concerning the wanton destruction of trees during the war, "Palestine," an Arabic journal published in Jerusalem, recounts with bitterness the repressive measures of the Turks and Germans before the liberation of the country in cutting down the olive trees for fuel for the railroads. It tells how the owners of the ancient trees, the "blessed" trees, watched the process of cutting with streaming eyes and fainting hearts.

When the Turkish officers were replaced by Germans, the paper says, their hopes rose that the remaining trees would be spared. But instead of clean cutting steel, which left a stump which might sprout again, dynamite was employed, utterly destroying the roots, among which the destructive energy was placed. The account closed with a well-known Arabic proverb, "After I avenged myself upon Omar, I wept for Omar." The Turk was more merciful than the German.

Besides this planting of the trees, the smiling countryside which the British army of occupation has made Jerusalem absolutely sanitary and has begun the institution of a sewage system. It has improved the water supply everywhere. After centuries, during which the Holy City was dependent upon the annual rainfall of the winter season for all its water, the British within six months after their occupation produced a supply of water during the entire year.

While it may come as a surprise to some to think of the River Jordan being dammed and converted into an irrigation center, the smiling countryside which the British should be sufficient compensation for the religious bathing parties which have heretofore rendered it famous. There are many waterfalls along its course and the flow can readily be diverted.

It is interesting that along one of the side streams where a reservoir will be built—the creek that runs through the Wady Taran—is the very rock which Moses smote, so tradition says, and that rushed forth water at the touch of his magic rod. This rock will be submerged unless it is moved away as a sacred relic. As it weighs several hundreds of tons it would seem to be a difficult problem to save it.

In the desert plains, where irrigation cannot be carried from the water courses, artesian wells are to be dug, there is a great reservoir of water beneath these plains of Sharon. The roses of Sharon have all been dead for long—the plain that was once so green and then became a little bit almost eight months in the year, now, for less than a dusty desert, but under enhanced control of the country these roses will bloom again.

How Geraldine Farrar Lost 50 Pounds

The Suit of Silver Armor That Made
the Grand Opera Prima Donna
Build Up to Carry It As Joan of
Arc and the Mysterious Pills—
(One Pink, One White)—That Scaled
Her Down Again From the

Maid's
Husky
Weight

In one short year Geraldine Farrar, the internationally admired prima donna of the Metropolitan Grand Opera, has willingly put on and as deliberately taken off fifty pounds of very fair flesh.

Through this unusual feat Miss Farrar stands as a lesson both for those who have too little and want more and those who have too much and desire less. Some women have made themselves plump in a year; some have made themselves thin—

but heretofore none is known to the annals of science to have accomplished both in the twelve months. Putting on and taking off flesh as readily as one puts on or takes off a coat is something distinctly new.

Most of all is she a beacon of hope to opera lovers who have grown weary of seeing starving Misses dying of consumption in La Bohème and weighing 90 pounds and more while passing away, or of Marguerites supposed to be swooning away in prison and looking like the corrupted heroines of the heroic past.

Ured, too, of Brunhildes who really ought to be heavy ladies but who look like the before taking exhibits of dyspepsia nocturna.

What a comfort, what a conservation of filiation and ideals it would be to have opera singers who could dress their skeletons for their roles just as they dress their bodies for those same interpretations.

Most grand opera singers do not seem to care whether they look their parts or not. But Miss Farrar does not think that a voice alone can carry a part, nor that, off the operatic stage, nothing alone can carry it, either. The image in the eye of the beholder seems to her as important as the song in the ear.

Miss Farrar had what might be called a medium figure. She was able to wear the diaphanous vestments of a Camille and look as though she were really wasting away. At the same time she could put on the more husky garments of the unhappy Queen in "The Love of the Three Kings" and still appear neither too heavy nor too light.

But from the operatic stage Miss Farrar descended into motion pictures. She became there a Joan of Arc. The main costume of Joan is a suit of silver armor.

Now if this armor had been on the operatic stage it would have been cleverly dressed paper mache and of no particular weight. But the motion picture camera is a fiend for reality. The suit Miss Farrar had to wear was not real silver, but it was silver metal, and when she put it on she felt her shoulders sag and her knees bend and a general and painful feeling of carrying a load greater than she could bear.

And go wonder, for the armor weighed exactly eighty pounds!

To carry around eighty pounds upon one and to be as swift and full of gestures and as light upon her feet as necessary developed into a very serious problem for Miss Farrar. Joan could have carried eighty pounds and probably twice that without flinching—but she was a country-bred girl used to hard work. Miss Farrar is more or less a hot-house product like all the modern opera prima donnas. Her muscles were not used to any such weight as this.

In the heaviest of her roles the heaviest of her garments, taken in all, probably did not aggregate more than fifteen pounds. The heaviest of her coats and street apparel would not amount to more than twenty-five pounds.

In her picture the prima donna had to lead her troops, inspire them to action by her own heroism, scale walls, jump moats and so on and so on. The average person would find it difficult to trisk and frolic about with a forty-pound sack of flour on their backs. Imagine, then, the difficulty with two such burdens. Miss Farrar had to pose for at least six weeks, and there would be lakos and rotulos. Yet she should bear the weight of that armor only a few minutes at a time!

There was only one thing to do—grow up to the armor.

Miss Farrar began to exercise. Also she ate all the things she liked—grapes and puddings, bread and butter and sweets. She ate whenever she was hungry and a little often. She slept nine hours a day at least. In a month she fitted the inside of the armor at every point, and was able to act in it for two hours at a time without the slightest fatigue or discomfort. And so the days went on she could have gone, if necessary, like the ancient knight for days on and without changing her clothes.



Geraldine Farrar
After She Lost
Fifty Pounds
and Geraldine
in the Maid of
Orleans Armor
That She
Plunged Up to
Carry Comfortably.

There came the first private showing of the picture, and, incidentally, the first time that Miss Farrar had seen how the camera portrayed her. It was Noble Burns who murmured—

"Oh, what some power the gittie gits us. To see ourselves as others see us."

Few of us know how we look. Even the sight of ourselves in our mirrors does not show us—and this is proven by the fact that when we approach a mirror, not knowing that it is a mirror, the image that we see therein seems to be that of a perfect stranger, and it is with a distinct shock that at last we realize that the strange person who seemed to be someone else, is really ourselves. When that happens the strangeness vanishes and the reflected scene is covered over with the illusion again of our own conception of ourselves.

But the motion picture is different. Therein the actors do, literally, see themselves as others see them, and when Miss Farrar saw herself she gasped.

Could it be actually her face, so broad, with a suspicion of jowls? Were those high, fat shoulders hers? That mountainous chest and those husky arms? Geraldine? Unquestionably they were. Miss Farrar was seeing herself as others saw her.

Visions of her operatic roles flashed through her mind—the fat Misses that she

detested, the over-plumped Ma'am Butterflies whose efforts to touch the floor with their foreheads were so humorously pathetic, and who were in constant danger of rolling over like a ball every time they sank to their knees. Could it be that she had joined the ranks? Her eyes told her that she certainly had.

She had grown up to Joan of Arc's armor. Now she had to go back to the caresses of Camille and the throes of Butterfly. How could she do it—and quickly?

It happened that afternoon Laura Hope Crews, a lovely leading woman who had been very plump and grown lean so, called on Miss Farrar. The prima donna stated her problem. Miss Crews mentioned a specialist well known to stage and society folk; the one, indeed, who had thinned down ex-President Cleveland 105 pounds in one year. She called upon him. "I won't diet, for I must keep my strength, and I won't exercise my nose, because see what it has done to me. I want to be lithe and thin and willowy again."

"Who asked you to exercise?" she said he asked. He prescribed the twin pills, white and pink, and told her to take them each night and report to him. That was all. On July 31 she stopped, diffidently upon the

weighing scales. She knew she could wear the same clothes she did before she expanded into Joan. But—her doubts ended when her fascinated eyes followed the register of the scales. She had weighed 185 pounds. She weighed 135 pounds!

To the writer of this article Miss Farrar declared that she had never been better in her life. She had experienced no discomfort, had not been ill for a moment. She maintained her new weight. In fact, it diminished by four pounds. She still takes the pink and white pills when there are signs of increasing girth or weight. Within the year she had gained and lost fifty pounds.

"My strength has not been in the least lessened. The treatment is harmless, I am an exceedingly active being. I am up and about at six in the morning and don't stop until twelve, and I love it. Energy is life."

But while Miss Farrar congratulates herself and her friends felicitate her upon the coup, there are memories of others who have rid themselves of many pounds and deplore it.

Not all remedies for reducing obesity seem to turn out well. Louise Dresser took a fat cure and suffered from impaired

health. After her experience she said: "I will never take another internal remedy for fat. Not if I weigh 400 pounds and am as big as a house."

Harry Woodruff, the handsome perennial juvenile actor had a serious illness which he attributed to a fat cure which he had taken. He died about a year later. Whatever the drugs were that Woodruff took, he always attributed to them the wrecking of his health.

Explaining his ideas about obesity, the doctor who treated Miss Farrar said:

"I hold that not even a man six feet tall should weigh over 185 pounds. If he does, some organ is at fault or his condition is the cause. He or she who is overloaded suffers from some abnormal condition of the organs of stimulation. Such disease is the cause, just the same as it is with fat people. One physical condition causes emaciation, another fat."

"The first essential thing by which the mode of treatment must be determined in every case is the state of the kidneys. The means of cure must be regulated by the healthfulness or debility of those vital organs. There are three important causes of obesity. The first is artificial heat, the second is sleep, and the third, and above all, an abnormal condition of the kidneys. The last is the essential factor."

"Lethargy, drowsiness and sleep are potential factors. Never nap. Never sleep over seven hours, and if you reduce that number to six, all the better. Sleep is simply the relaxation of the muscles and nerves—that only sleep in moderation, as well as exercise. Indolence of mind and somnolence of body are always associated with obesity. Sleep always superinduces obesity when indulged in to excess."

"Women in Oriental countries when in preparation for being made the brides of the harem are made to sleep as much as possible. They are not allowed to walk about, are forced to drink olive oil, are fattened up with rice, sugar cane and palm oil nuts, and, above all, they take warm baths."

"To reduce my fat patients I always insist on their living and sleeping in cool rooms, never putting a superabundance of covers on them at night, and especially avoiding dressing in clothes of too great warmth."

"I wish to forcibly impress upon you that I have no faith in dieting unless overeating is the cause. Stimulus treatment is often necessary. Diet at no time unless you believe that excessive eating is the foundation of your case troubles. There are occasions when dieting is actually no good, for excessive dieting may be the cause."

"As most fat people want to follow a diet, whatever I may urge to the contrary, I will suggest a small bill of fare."

BREAKFAST—One cup of tea or coffee with milk or sugar, six ounces; three slices of stale bread or three ounces butter, one ounce; two eggs, or two or three ounces of either meat or fish.

DINNER—Meat or fish, eight ounces; vegetables, such as spinach, cabbage, string beans, asparagus, tomatoes or beet tops, and ferocious food, rice, hominy, etc., four ounces; salad, with plain dressing, two ounces; fruit ad libitum; wines, hock or claret, in moderation.

SUPPER OR LUNCH—Two eggs or lean meat, six ounces; salad, radishes or pickles, one ounce; one slice of stale bread or one ounce; fruit, four ounces; light wines in moderation.

"My advice is that you exercise in moderation. Easy walking is the best of all. But don't overdo it. When tired stop right away, for it then becomes work and not exercise."

"Nothing is gained in the end by the usual sweating and dieting systems. As a reduction takes place your physique becomes different from what it was. As certain organs undergo great changes gradually so from time to time the treatment should correspond. Violent exercise creates an unnatural desire for food and drink. What you have lost in weight the adipose cells at once glean from the return to the former quantities of solids and liquids necessary to appease the ravenous appetite."

"Thus the don't-eat-this and the don't-exercise theory of dieting cannot meet with approval, for in the end nothing is gained thereby. Once more I repeat, that when you must eat after eating your fat is all back and more, too, is an abnormal condition."

"It is possible to reduce or put on any one 100 pounds in weight. I have done so with several. A physician has to watch the organs, note their action and handle his patients as he finds them and do it right. From my experience I would say that about a year would not be too long a time to reduce or put on 100 pounds. To do it properly, ten to twelve pounds a month are a fair average."

Two Studies of
Prima Donna
Farrar
Before and
After.
At the Right
the Strong
Armed, Full
Cheeked, Fat
Shouldered
Phase as
Joan of Arc;
at the Left the
Charming
Lean and
"Jowl-less"
Contours of
Her Face and
Her Sloping
Shoulders
When She
Had Lost Her
Surplus
Weight.



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XMAS

Ancient Treasure Galleon Located at Last?

After Centuries of Search the
Depths of Tobermory
Bay May Soon Yield
Up Priceless Cargo
of the "De Florencia"
of the Old
Spanish Armada

A Handful of Coins Recovered from the Sea



Method of Pumping Sands and Filtering Them Through a Gigantic Sieve So That Everything Even to the Smallest Coin or Bit of Ancient Jewelry May Be Recovered

THAT the untold millions in gold, jewels and other treasure that went to the bottom of the sea when the Spanish galleon *De Florencia* was sunk nearly 350 years ago will soon be recovered is the confident expectation of the men in charge of the expedition now trying to raise the richly laden hulk of this famous treasure ship. Included in the treasure is a priceless crown which, according to the terms of a treaty between England and Spain, will become the property of King George.

Although the work of the expedition is shrouded in great secrecy it is reported that the only place the *De Florencia* sank in the bay of Tobermory Bay, off the coast of Scotland, has been definitely located. At the powerful new dredges and other appliances that are being used it is believed that it will now be a comparatively easy matter to raise the remains of the ship.

How much wealth is almost within grasp of the treasure seekers is a matter of conjecture. The total value must, however, be in the millions of dollars. It is estimated that the treasure is worth more than the millions of dollars of effort that have been put into it. The *De Florencia* was the flagship of the "Invincible Armada" which sailed out to conquer England in 1588. It was a Standard on Queen Elizabeth's flag. It is a fabulous quantity of gold, silver and other treasure. The crown which had been especially prepared for the head of the new Spanish ruler of England, Charles I, of the time, is described as more richly encrusted with precious stones than any other crown in the world, more superb in every way than the worn, by any European monarch.

The vessel was sunk by an explosion. One of the *Maclean's* of Norway, a warship, Spanish ship, took a tremendous revenge for the loss of the *De Florencia* by treatment of men by touching off the powder magazine. The explosion destroyed the vessel and sent to bottom nearly all of the 600 men on board, including several hundred of high rank.

The manner of the ship's destruction accounts for many of the disappointments in trying to recover the treasure. Early seekers for it foolishly thought every fragment of mast or spar they found a clue to the location of the hull, forgetting that the force of the explosion had scattered the wreckage over a wide area.

Not until 1951, seventy-three years after the ship's sinking, was the main portion of the wreck first located. A party of Swedish treasure hunters found it lying with the bow in forty-eight feet of water and the stern sixty-six feet below the surface at thirty fathoms. The deck and a considerable portion of the sides of the ship were found in the mainmast forward had

been blown completely away by the explosion and the remaining part of the hull was filled with mud and sand. The poop, however, remained undamaged beyond the heavy African oak beams and planking.

Even with the crude appliances of that day these Swedes would doubtless have succeeded in raising the wreck had it not been for the bitter hostility of the *Maclean's*, descendants of the man who had sunk the *De Florencia*. They put up such a bitter opposition to treasure hunting along their coast that the attempt finally had to be abandoned.

No further attempts were made to raise the treasure galleon until recent years. In 1923 an English syndicate sent two expert divers, with a diving lighter and a full equipment of powerful machinery, to try to locate the wreck. The task was more difficult than ever, for the Swedes had left no accurate records of their operations. In 1929, when the dredges began to bring up a large number of things which had unmistakably formed part of the ship. Most important of all they brought to light some of the instruments the Swedish searchers had used to mark the location of their prize. These furnished proof that at last the dredges were at work over the very spot where the treasure galleon lay buried—a spot about ninety yards from the Tobermory pier.

The following summer new dredging methods were introduced, including a new suction pump, and more material was brought up that seemed to be a part of the ship itself. Then obstacles were encountered—a thick layer of shellfish, pressed by time almost to the consistency of concrete, and beneath this huge boulder, some of which weighed half a ton. In 1931 discoveries were made which led to the belief that the boulders were part of the ship's ballast. As the dredges probed deeper and deeper into the ocean's bed they began to bring up fragments of human skeletons—the bones of the unfortunate victims of *Maclean's* diabolical revenge.

Just when it seemed that the recovery of the treasure was only a matter of days the war came and put a complete stop to the work. As soon as the armistice was signed the syndicate of treasure hunters was reorganized and a costly outfit of new and improved dredging machinery was ordered. These dredges have been actively at work in Tobermory Bay for several months, and within the past few days they have been bringing up the most encouraging evidence that the treasure ship is close at hand. An ingenious method of filtering the sand has been installed, so that not the tiniest coin or piece of jewelry which it contains may be lost.



Photograph of Tobermory Bay Where It Is Believed the Old Spanish Treasure Galleon "De Florencia" Has at Last Been Located

and boulder clay, the top layer of which was more than seventy feet under water.

Efforts continued until the Autumn of 1930, when the dredges began to bring up a large number of things which had unmistakably formed part of the ship. Most important of all they brought to light some of the instruments the Swedish searchers had used to mark the location of their prize. These furnished proof that at last the dredges were at work over the very spot where the treasure galleon lay buried—a spot about ninety yards from the Tobermory pier.

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Probably no ships that ever sailed the sea carried a more valuable cargo than the Spanish galleons which met their fate in Vigo Bay in 1702. They carried the three years' output of the richest mines of the Spanish Main, and, in addition to this, quantities of the most valuable woods from the South American forests and many works of art taken from the palaces of conquered peoples. It is rapidly that the British and Dutch conquerors had turned to lay hands on no more than a mere handful of the treasure they carried. The greater part of it found a resting place on the ocean bed to await the inventive genius of some later day which should devise means of bringing it to the surface again. The wood of the sunken galleons is worth enough in itself to repay many years of effort in its recovery. Only the finest woods were used in the construction of these ships, and experts say that such woods are actually improved by their long immersion in salt water. Some of the finest furniture in one of the palaces of the present King of Spain is made from wood taken from galleons that had been in the sea more than a hundred years.

The difficulty of raising the treasure-laden hulks in Vigo Bay lies in the fact that they lie in water of extraordinary depth. Up to date no diving apparatus has been devised that would enable divers to get more than within eyesight of them. What divers have seen shows that the ships are still in good condition, resting easily on their sides. They get tantalizing glimpses of great heaps of gold coin, silver

bullion and precious gems, but before they can get within reach of the prize the pressure becomes so great that to go lower would mean certain death.

The last effort to recover the *Vigo Bay* treasures was made a few years ago by a company which was capitalized at \$1,000,000 by prominent Englishmen.

This company placed its chief reliance of success on a device called the hydro-scope, which it controlled.

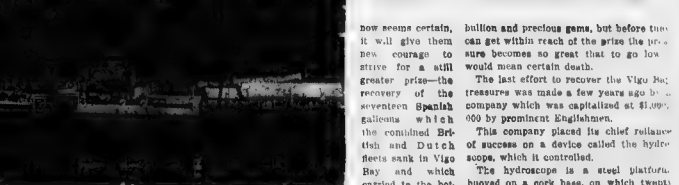
The hydro-scope is a steel platform, buoyed on a cork base, on which twenty men can stand. From its centre a hollow column of steel descends far down into the sea. This steel tube is large enough so that a man can pass down a ladder through it to an airtight submarine chamber in which is mounted a telescope designed especially for use under water. Through the powerful lenses of this telescope it is possible to penetrate the darkness of the ocean depths for a wide radius. This hydro-scope was actually taken to Vigo Bay and proved of the greatest service in fixing the actual location of the sunken ships. The directors of the *Vigo Bay* corporation which was backing the enterprise descended the tube one by one and obtained through the submarine telescope fascinating glimpses of the galleons with their precious cargoes streaming out of their battered sides.

Occasionally, too, they glimpsed grinning skulls—gruesome reminders of the hundreds of brave men who perished in their vain effort to get this treasure safe to Spain.

But although the hydro-scope made possible the exact location of most of the sunken galleons, means were still lacking for lifting them to the surface.

A submarine tank was projected that could travel about on the ocean bed, fully equipped to raise a whole galleon and drag it to the surface. But, although many thousands of dollars were spent on this, it was never successful in recovering one of the sunken galleons. The corporation which made these efforts is still in existence, and it will doubtless be encouraged by the recovery of the *De Florencia* to renew operations in Vigo Bay. A French engineer suggests lowering huge balloons, inflating them on the surface, after they are attached to the wrecks and in this way lifting the ships to the surface.

A Picturesque Galleon of the "Invincible Armada" Which Met Disaster off Great Britain in 1588.





How Lady Astor Won Her Seat in Parliament

Swift Shots of Wit and Quick Retorts Which Astonished Her Audiences and Confused the Slow-Moving Minds of Those Who Tried to Heckle Her

LADY "NANCY" ASTOR, an American woman, with her quick wit, convincing retorts, ready repartee and pleasing personality, jolly well did something that no English woman ever did—she got herself elected to the British House of Commons.

Lady Astor is now, as everybody knows, a member of the British Parliament, elected recently to succeed her husband, Viscount Waldorf Astor. Progressive American women are pointing with pride to her, for she is the first American woman to enter the political field abroad. And, of course, everybody in Virginia is tickled, for they still have fond recollections of her as Nancy, one of the famous beautiful Langhorne sisters.

While soliciting the suffrage of her fellow citizens of Plymouth she stood before her audiences like a trained campaigner, answering her views and policies and then deftly and convincingly answering all sorts of questions from all sorts of hecklers. Men who rallied at the venturesome woman, and women who viewed her with jealous scorn, took delight in hurling questions and remarks, many of them unfair, at her, but she turned the other cheek always and then smote back in a way that always quieted, and usually satisfied, her tormentors. Charwomen and fishmongers snapped at her on account of her wealth, but her answers never failed to appease them. She always had an answer for any heckler which left him or her no foothold for further attack.

She got so many laughs out of her campaign that hardened politicians stared in amazement. It was all new to them. They had been accustomed to seeing seasoned campaigners put to rout by the hecklers in the audience, but here was a refined, dignified little woman, unused to the environment in which she had placed herself and with no experience in electioneering, quickly and easily turning away the hardest shafts directed at her. All during her campaign English audiences got a good idea of what American wit is.

One of the first speeches that she made was at a large engineering works, and when she arrived there she found that Mr. Isaac Foot, her adversary, was in the midst of a speech there. "I know that Lady Astor is a great favorite with the children of Plymouth, but I have one advantage over her so far as they are concerned," he was boasting.

"You mean you have one more?" asked Lady Astor, unable to resist the temptation of a passage at arms with him on this point.

Mr. Foot, the father of seven, bowed courteously to Lady Astor, the mother of six.

The audience looked at Lady Astor with a "thumbs down" expression, but she had only allowed Mr. Foot to put his foot in it. "Yes," was her ready retort, "but I have not finished yet."

Lady Astor finally took the rostrum, but before long became annoyed by a persistent Labor heckler.

"I am getting fed up with these paid agitators," she exclaimed, "come up to the front and let the crowd see what a real Labor man looks like."

When a young man with a velvet hat, smart overcoat, silk tie, white scarf and gloves and a silver-mounted walking stick stepped up forward, she said:

"Just what I thought! Better dressed than any of the people voting for Lady Astor," and that settled that young man.

A little later a woman pushed her way through the crowd and, planting herself in front of Lady Astor, declared: "No vote of mine will go to you. At the first meeting you over-acted in Plymouth, when I called out 'Three cheers for Lloyd George' you dared to call me a virago."

"Perhaps you are," quietly answered Lady Astor. "You are no lady; you do not behave as one," retorted the virago.

"That is right," said Lady Astor, "I am just an ordinary working woman, but you cannot persuade the women of Plymouth that I am rude, for they know I have had insults hurled at me. I have not been rude to anyone. I apologize for calling you a virago."

The irate woman declined to accept the apology. "You will not forgive me?" queried Lady Astor. "Wait until you want to be forgiven for your sins," and again Lady Astor had the last word.

"Is not your place in America, Madam?" demanded a smart young woman in sport coat and cape.

"Do not think for a moment that I am not proud of my Virginia blood," rang out Lady Astor's voice. "I married over here in England. What is it, you want me to do—stay at home and do nothing except be a Viscountess?"

A man in the audience began to use abusive language to her. Promptly Lady Astor said: "I want every woman in this

audience to see that this man does not vote for me. I do not want the vote of a man who curses a woman when he is sober."

There were several distinctly lively duels between the woman candidate and some of the women. When the interruptions began to come thick and fast on top of one another Lady Astor said:

"Be quiet, ladies; you are really getting as bad as the men."

In another speech before a large audience she was getting so many laughs from her hearers that she suddenly switched her tactics and assured them: "But when I reach Parliament I shall behave with dignity." But her sober moment soon passed and she said smilingly: "And I promise not to pull the leg of the House of Commons any oftener than I can help."

At that the women laughed until they had to hold their sides. Lady Astor observed them and then protested, with a pout. "But you know, it will be awfully difficult for a woman with my sense of humor to sit there and be quiet."

The laugh was always with and not against her. "You can begin to insult me in a moment," she said to one interrupter. "I will take it all. I am getting immune to it." A woman shouted: "Would you live on two pounds a week?" Lady Astor replied: "No, but would you?"

"Are there no social reforms in America you could give your time to?" asked another. Quickly and sharply came the reply, "I consider that the likes of you ought to be only too glad to have an American woman who will fight for what is right."

As a campaigner she showed herself a master of the various well known wiles and arts and diplomatic resourcefulness for getting votes. At one time she flattered her chief opponent, Mr. Foot, before a large audience of people when she happened to meet him. She went up to him with a smile, which he said to be the best agent a candidate ever possessed, offered her hand and said to him: "You know, Mr. Foot, I wish I were not fighting against you, because I do really like you." This remark proved that while Lady Astor was born an American she was not brought up in American politics.

Before an audience of men one day she said, tactfully, "I think it is rather hard for men to have to vote for a woman,



Mrs. Nancy Langhorne Astor and Some Snap-Shot Photographs During Her Energetic Campaign Which Won Her a Seat in the British House of Commons.

and I appreciate how difficult it is.

At times she resorted to feminine subtlety. Picking out a man in the audience, she addressed her remarks to him. "Can you trust a woman? I'll bet a woman has had more influence with you than any man has had."

"They say also that I am one of the idle rich, but I'll bet that I have done more work in the last five years than the Labor orators," and all the audience, remembering her unflinching work in the hospitals during the war, applauded her to the echo.

Again, attacking the Independent Labor party, she said: "These Labor party orators are no more working-men than I am a charwoman. If you vote for me you vote for one of the most independent people ever sent to the House of Commons. I don't expect to turn it into a House of Angels. It's all men there now, and I shall put into your men's faces I don't see angels."

"I would love to see the policy adopted of taxing war profits to pay for the war, and if it is feasible and possible, I hope that the Government will do it. My vote is for that, but I would like to save his soul, but let his fortune."

She looked in at the sergeants' mess in the Citadel barracks. "While I am here," she said, "I do want to ask you to take a little more care of the drummer boys' teeth. Why don't you see that they use their tooth brushes on their teeth instead of on their buttons?"

At one big evening rally there were the usual remarks about American millions. "I'll guarantee if those wild-eyed Bolshevik men had as much as I had," was

Lady Astor's reply, "they'd be living in that palace of mine they're always talking about, and not standing here in the snow, a candidate for Parliament."

At another time, upon leaving a rally, she became engaged in merry railway with Mr. Foot, who happened to meet her outside the hall and who escorted her gallantly to her carriage.

"I cannot ask you into the carriage, Mr. Foot," said Lady Astor, smilingly, "because you might spoil my election prospects."

Then she turned to the crowd that had gathered around the carriage and added roguishly, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Liberal candidate is going to make a speech on the necessity of having women in Parliament. Now, Mr. Foot!"

More than once Lady Astor talked along these lines. "It is not as the wife of an M. P. nor as a set candidate nor as a warning-pin, but as a citizen, honored by your measure by an invitation to represent this town, that I come before you. I know that I shall have to fight against prejudice. Many of my own friends are saying, 'Nancy should stay at home and look after her children.' Well, no children in the world are better looked after than mine, and the women who talked like that are the shirkers."

One day she paid an unexpected visit to the sergeants' mess at the marine barracks, and accepted an invitation to enter. The assembled sergeants politely put down their pipes and their to give a courteous hearing to the first candidate for Parliament who had ever invaded their quarters. In the course of her remarks to the marines she said: "I do not believe that you want these long-haired, wild-eyed men who yell about the rights of workmen and have never done a day's work in their lives to have their way." The marines smiled back, and seemed to be immensely tickled by the novelty of the situation. A junior sergeant asked what Lady Astor had done for the navy. Lady Astor looked a trifle dubious.

"I do not know that I ought to tell without the reporters here," she replied, "but I will tell you by yourself." She then led the sergeant into a corner and entered into a whispered conversation. "Good-by, boys; I know you want to go back to your beer and smoking," she said after returning the sergeant to his comrades. She added: "I think, of course, you would like me to give a temperance lecture."

A red-haired sergeant seized the opportunity and the woman candidate did not evade the challenge. "I do not believe in forced anything," said Lady Astor. "I do not believe in forced prohibition would make sober people, but I do believe that in the time to come the country will be asked to choose between three things—just leaving things as they are, local option and total prohibition. Now is that square?"

A sergeant said: "But you are supposed to be a pussyfoot." (Pussyfoot is a term for prohibitionist in England.)

Yes, and I am supposed to be a little rich woman and lots of other things," retorted Lady Astor. "Plymouth, however, knows better than that."

In a speech which she made before a select audience of the upper classes Lady Astor waxed epigrammatic. For instance:

"I am not a man of words; I am a woman of action."

"Our gallant dead did not lay down their lives for a higher wage."

"You cannot take your politics into religion, but you take your religion into politics."

"I cannot imagine a more terrible prospect than the House of Commons composed of women, but I believe in a woman's right to have both men and women to make a thing better."

"I am longing for Socialism, but I want the Socialism of Christ, not the Socialism of the Independent Labor Party."

It has been said electricity was always with her. As a woman to discover it. It is the same with the hours of her day and women. The good is always there if only we bring it out."



Earnest, Vigorous, Quick Witted, but Never Cross or Impatient in Her Campaigning.

Restaurant Gowns and Wraps by Lady Duff Gordon

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion. Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

An Opera Cloak of Velvet with Appliqued Design of Satin in a Contrasting Color.

By Lady Duff-Gordon

("LUCILE")

THIS is the time when in the large centres of civilization and super-civilization the restaurants are crowded with smart folk. They dine in public before the play or opera and sup afterward.

True, Christmas is the time to spend at home. The Christmas dinner away from home has not the fine old-fashioned flavor and excellence. But many of the dwellers in large cities are far from their early homes. They live in hotels and apartments, taking many of their meals at general dining places. Do not forget when summarizing the reasons for hotel and restaurant patronage the acute problem of domestic help.

At all events, much of beauty and fashion are on exhibition at the restaurants this winter.

The three pictures which you see on this page show you apparel suitable for public wear. The large right-hand figure is a specimen robe, sufficiently dignified for the gaze, not of family and friends, but of fellow diners whom one does not know. The gown is of almost straight line as to its foundation. The sequin dotted tulle is draped over the shoulders and falls in scantily shawl-like effect. Over this is worn a large, trailing scarf, dotted and bordered with jet. The sleeves are of kimono style. The décolletage is a deep V defined by folds of white tulle and irregular jet ornaments.

The upper left-hand figure displays an evening cloak which is suitably worn over the sequin gown. It is of velvet brocade. Insets of satin are arranged in large ovals and semi-ovals across the sleeves and back. It is lined with satin and further trimmed with a border of fur.

The third is a dancing gown of attractive simplicity. Its bodice is made of folds of satin topped with lace. The slightly gathered skirt has a swath of dark velvet right on draped at the waist line in soft loops.

Fans play a larger part in the fashionable costume than for a decade. Gone are the dainty fans that aided the belles of another time in their coquettish. The small fans were beauty accessories for the tiny, coquettish woman. Their successors belong to the majestic period of dress creators. They are huge splashes of black or of intense color, that can hide not only the face of the woman who carries them, but at will the upper half of her body. The small fan of silk or bolting cloth was rapidly manipulated, seeming to the interested watcher like a lost agitation by a vigorous breeze. This would be unseemly behavior for the large feather fan. It is often quiescent, resting against the wearer's bosom or shoulder. When in movement that movement is slow and stately.



A Dancing Gown of Attractive Simplicity



Sequin Dotted Tulle Is the Building Material of This Dignified Evening Robe.

She and Allan & Sir H. Rider Haggard

CHAPTER IV. (Continued) The Lion and the Axe.

NOW in front of the gateway of the cattle kraal grew a big wild fig tree. Passing under this tree I saw that the gate was quite securely closed. I started to go back, but had not stepped more than two or three paces when, in the bright moonlight, I saw the head of my smallest ox suddenly appear over the top of the wall. About this there would have been nothing startling, although astonishing had it not been for the fact that this head belonged to a dead animal.

"What in the name of goodness," I began to myself, when my reflections were cut short by the appearance of another head, that of one of the biggest lions I ever saw, which had the ox by the throat, and with enormous strength was deliberately holding it over the wall. There was the brute within twelve feet of me, and what is more, it saw me as I saw it and stopped still, holding the ox by the throat.

Although, of course, I was startled for a moment, by the time that I had the rifle to my shoulder I had little fear of the brute, unless, of course, there was a mistake, especially as the beast was so astonished that it remained quite still.

Then the unexpected happened, as it generally does in life, especially in hunting. I fired, but by misfortune the bullet struck the tip of the horn of that confounded ox, which tip at that moment fell in front of the spot on the lion's throat whereof half-unconsciously I had aimed. Result: the bull was turned, and departing at an angle just cut through the skin of the creature's neck, deeply enough to make it madder than all the butters in the world.

Dropping the ox, with a most terrific roar it came over the wall at me—I remember that there seemed to be yards of it—men of the lion—in front of which there appeared to be a cavern full of gleaming teeth.

I skipped back with much agility, also a little to one side, reflecting that Zikali's Great Medicine was, after all, not worth a curse. The lion landed on my side of the wall and reared itself upon its hind legs before getting to business, towering high above me but a little to my left. Then I saw a strange thing.

A shadow thrown by the moon fitted past me—all I noticed of it was the shape of a great lifted axe, probably because the axe came first. The shadow fell, and with it another shadow, that of a lion's paw, dropped to the ground. Then there was a most awful noise of roaring, and wheeling round I saw such a fray as never I shall see again. A tall grim black man was fighting the great lion, that now lacked one paw, but still stood upon its hind legs, striking at him with the other.

The man, who was absolutely silent, dodged the blow and hit back with the axe, catching the beast upon the breast with such weight that it came to the ground in a loped fashion, since it had only one paw on which to light.

The axe flashed up again, and before the lion could recover itself or do anything else with a crash upon its skull, sinking deep into the head. After which all was over, for the beast's brain was cut in two.

"I am here at the appointed time," said Umloogoo, for it was he, as with difficulty he dragged the axe from the lion's severed skull, "to find you watching by night, as it is reported that you always do."

"No," I retorted, for his tone irritated me, "you are late, Bulalo; the moon has been up some hours."

"I said that I would meet you on the night of the full moon, not at the rising of the moon."

"That is true," I replied, mollified. "And, at any rate, you came at a good moment."

"Yes," he answered, "though, as it happens in this light, the thing was easy to anyone who can handle an axe. Had it been darker the end might have been different. But, Macumashu, you are not so clever as I thought, since otherwise you would not have come out against a lion with a toy like that, and be pointed to the little rifle in my hand."

"I did not know that there was a lion."

"That is why you are not so clever as I thought, since of one sort or another there is always a lion which wise men should be prepared to meet."

At that moment Hans arrived upon the scene, followed at a discreet distance by the wagon boys. "The Great Medicine of the Opener of Roads has worked well," was all he said.

"The great medicine of the Opener of Roads has worked better," remarked Umloogoo, with a little laugh, pointing to his head and axe. "But, Yellow Man, how comes it that you, who I have been told are cunning, watch your master so ill?"

"I was asleep," stammered Hans, indignantly.

"It matters little, Macumashu," he said, with a shrug of his great shoulders, "for of this I am sure, that I have played my part with the People of the Axe and to stop among them would have meant my death, who am a man betrayed. What do I care who loves none and have no children? Though it is true that I might have fled to Natal with the cattle and there have led a fat and easy life. But ease and plenty I do not desire who would live and fall as a warrior should. Never again, maybe, shall I see the Ghost Mountain, where the wolves ravaged and the old Witch sits in stone waiting for the world to die, or sleep in the town of the People of the Axe. What do I want with wives and oxen while I have

would not say, except that in the country whither we wandered he would fight a great fight and win much honor. Now Umloogoo was by nature a fighting man, one who took a positive joy in battle, and, like a bold Norseman, seemed to think that there only could a man decorously die. This amused me, a peaceful person, who loved quiet and a home. Still, I gave way, partly to please him, partly because I hoped that we might discover something of interest, and still more because having once undertaken an enterprise my pride prompted me to see it through.

Now Zikali had told me that when we drew near to the place on the edge of bush void that ran

took we came across a queer No-medic people, who seemed to live in movable grass huts and to keep great herds of goat and long-tailed sheep. This folk ran away from us at first, but when they found we did them no harm became friendly and brought us offerings of milk, also of a kind of slug or caterpillar which they seemed to eat. Hans, who was a great master of different languages, discovered a tongue, or a mixture of tongues, in which he could make himself understood to some of them.

They told him that in their day they had never seen a white man, although their remote ancestors had known many of them. They added, however, that if we went on steadily toward the north for another seven days we should come to where a white man lived, one, they said, who had a long beard and killed animals with guns, as we did.

Encouraged by this intelligence we pushed forward, now travelling downhill out of the mists into a more genial country. At length we

"It's all right," I sang out, emerging from behind the oxen, and in English, though before the words had left my lips I reflected that there was not the slightest reason to suppose that she would understand them. But to my surprise she answered me in the same tongue, with a peculiar accent that was neither Scotch nor Irish:

"Thank you," she said, "I, sir, was frightened. Your friends look—here she stumbled for a word, then added, "terrificous."

I laughed at this composite adjective, and answered: "Well, so they are in a way, though they will not harm you or me. But, young lady, tell me, can we outspan here? Perhaps your husband?"

"I have no husband: I have only a father, sir," and she sighed.

"Well, then, could I speak to your father? My name is Allan Quatermain, and I am making a journey of exploration."

"Yes, I will go and wake him. He

"Where can they be?" I asked. "Asleep, I think," said Hans, and he was right. The whole population of the place was indulging in a noonday slumber.

At last we got so near to the house that I halted the wagon and descended to investigate. At this moment some one did appear, the sight of whom astonished me not a little, namely, a very striking-looking young woman. She was tall, handsome, with large dark eyes, good features, a rather pale complexion, and I think the saddest face that I ever saw. Evidently she had heard the noise of the wagon and had come out to see what it was, for she had nothing on her head, which was covered with thick hair of a raven blackness. Catching sight of the great Umloogoo, with his gleaming axe, and of his savage-looking bodyguard, she uttered an exclamation and not unnaturally turned to fly.

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said is your name, unless I dreamed it, for it is one that I seem to have heard before," she exclaimed with a broad Scotch accent. "What in blazes brings you where no real white man has been for years? Well, I'll go and get you some way, for I am sick of half-bred Portuguese and niggers, and snuff and butter girls, and gin and bad whiskey. Come in and have a drink."

"Thank you, Mr. Robertson—" "Captain Robertson," he interrupted. "Man, don't look astonished. You might guess it, but I commanded a mail steamer once, and should like to hear myself called rightly again—before I die."

"I beg your pardon—Captain Robertson, but myself I don't drink anything before sundown. However, if you have something to eat!"

"Oh, yes; inset, she's my daughter, will find you a bite. Those men of yours," and he also looked doubtfully at Umloogoo and his savage company, "will want food as well. I'll have a beast killed for them; they look as if they could eat it, horns and all. Where are my people? All asleep, I suppose, the day before. Wait a bit, I'll wake them up."

Going to the house, he snatched a great jambok out from hippopotamus hide, from a nail in the wall and ran toward the group of huts, roaring out the name Thomas, also a string of oaths such as seamen use, mixed with others of a Portuguese variety. What happened there I could not see, because the huts were in the way, but presently I heard blows and screams, and caught sight of people, all dark-skinned, diving from the huts.

A little later a fat, half-bred man appeared with some other nondescript fellows and began to give directions about our oxen, also as to the killing of a calf.

Just then our host reappeared, puffing with his exertions, and declaring that he had stirred up the wine with a vengeance, in proof of which he pointed to the jambok that was reddened with blood.

The captain led the way into his sitting room. It proved a queer kind of place, with rude furniture consisting of strips of hide after the Deer fashion, and a red bearing a certain air of refinement, which was doubtless due to inset, who, with the assistance of a native girl, was already engaged in setting the table. Thus there was a shoft with books, over which hung an ivory crucifix, which suggested that inset was a Catholic. On the walls, too, were two good portraits, and on the window ledge a jar full of flowers. Also the forks and spoons were silver, were the mugs, and engraved with a tremendous coat of arms and a Portuguese crest.

Presently the food appeared, which was excellent and plentiful, and the captain, his daughter and I sat down and ate. Also I noted that he drank stout and wine, and innocent-looking beverage, but strong as he took it, it was offered to me, but, like Miss Inset, I preferred coffee.

During the meal and afterwards while we smoked upon the veranda, I told them as much as I thought desirable of my plans. I said that I was engaged on a journey of exploration of the country beyond the Zambesi, and that having heard of this settlement, which, by the way, was called Strathmore, after a place in far away Scotland, where the lion had reared his childhood, I had come here to inquire as to how to cross the great river and about other things.

The captain was interested, especially when I informed him that I was that same "Hunter Quatermain" of whom he had heard in past years, but told me that it would be impossible to take the wagon down into the low bushveld, which could only be seen on the horizon, as there all the oxen would die of the bite of the tsetse fly. I answered that I was aware of this, and proposed to try to make an arrangement to leave it in his charge till I returned.

"That might be managed, Mr. Quatermain," he answered. "But, mind, you are not to let any of your men or oxen go to the other side of the Zambesi, save men who are cannibals. Amahacker, I think, they call them. It was this who in past years, closed out all this country except a few river tribes who live in floating huts or on islands among the reeds, and that's why it is so empty. But



"Then There Was A Most Awful Noise of Roaring, and Wheeling 'Round I Saw Such a Fray as Never I Shall See Again."

"Those who serve should never sleep," replied Umloogoo, sternly. Then he turned and whistled, and behold! out of the long grass that grew at a little distance, emerged twelve great men, all of them bearing axes and wearing cloaks of hyena skin, who saluted me by raising their axes.

"Get a watch and skin me this beast by dawn. It will make us a mat," said Umloogoo.

"Who are these?" I asked. "A few picked warriors whom I brought with me."

Then we went to the wagon and spoke no more that night. Next morning I told Umloogoo of the visit I had received from the Induna of the King, who wished me to come to the royal kraal. He nodded and said:

"As it chanced, certain thieves attacked me on my journey, which is why one or two of my people remain behind who will never travel again. We made good play with those thieves, not one of them escaped," he added, grimly, "and their bodies we threw into a river where are many crocodiles. But their spears I brought away, and I think that they are such as the King's guard use. If so, his search for them will be long, since the traps took place where no man lives and we buried the shields and spears."

That morning we trekked on fast, fearing lest a regiment searching for those "thieves" should strike and follow our poor. As we went Umloogoo told me that he had duly appointed Louisa and his wife, Mosea, to lead the tribe during his absence, an office which they accepted doubtfully.

I asked him whether he thought this wise. It had occurred to me since I made the suggestion that they might be unwilling to surrender power on his return, and that other domestic complications might ensue.

Infokhasa, the groom-maker, and she is true to me!"

And he shook the ancient axe above his head so that the sun gleamed upon the curved blade and the hollow gouge or point at the back beyond the shaft socket.

"Where the Axis goes, there go the strength and virtue of the Axe, O Macumashu."

"It is a strange weapon," I said. "Aye, a strange and an ancient, forged far away, says Zikali, by a warrior wizard hundreds of years ago; a great fighter, who was also the first of smiths, and who sits in the Under-world waiting for it to return to his hand when his work is finished beneath the sun. That will be soon, since Zikali told me that I am the last Holder of the Axe."

"Did you, then, see the Opener of Roads?" I asked.

"Aye, I saw him. He it was who told me which way to go to escape from Zululand. Also he laughed when he heard how the fooded waters brought you to my house, and sent you a message in which he said that the spirit of a snake had told him that you tried to throw the Great Medicine into a pool. This, he said, you must do no more, lest he should send another snake to stop you."

On we travelled from day to day, meeting with such difficulties and dangers as are common on roadless land in Africa, but no more for the grass was good and there was plenty of game for meat. Indeed, here in the back regions of what is known as Portuguese South East Africa every sort of wild animal was so numerous that personally I wished we could turn our journey into a shooting expedition. But of this Umloogoo would hear none. In fact, he was much more anxious to carry out our original purpose than myself. When I asked him why, he answered because of something Zikali had told him. What this was he

down to the river where a white man lived, adding that he thought the white man was a "trek-Boer." This I should explain, means a Dutchman who has travelled away from wherever he lived and made a home for himself in the wilderness.

Also after an inspection of his enchanted knucklebones he declared that something remarkable would happen to this man or his family while I was visiting him. Lastly, in that map he drew in the ash, the details of which were so indelibly impressed upon my memory, he had shown me where I should find the dwelling of this white man.

Travelling by the sun and the compass I had trekked steadily in the exact direction that he indicated, to find that in this unusual particular he was well named the "Opener of Roads," since always before me I found a practicable path, although to the right or the left it would not have been practicable. Also such tribes as we met proved of a friendly character, although perhaps the aspect of Umloogoo and his fierce band, whom, rather irreverently, I named the Twelve Apostles, had some share in inducing this peaceful attitude.

So smooth was our progress and so well marked by water at certain intervals, that at last I came to the conclusion that we must be following some ancient road, which at a forgotten period of history had run from south to north or vice versa. Oh, rather, to be honest, it was the observant Hans who made this discovery from various indications which had escaped my notice.

Passing over certain high, misty lands during the third week of our

saw far away a vast sea of bush void which, as I guessed, must fringe the great Zambesi River. Moreover, Hans, whose eyes were those of a hawk, saw some buildings of a more or less civilized kind, which stood among trees by the side of a stream a mile or two on this side of the great belt of bush.

CHAPTER V. Inset.

WE had sighted the house shortly after sunrise, and by midday we were there. It stood almost immediately beneath two great baobab trees. It was a thatched house with whitewashed walls and a steep or veranda round it. Moreover, beyond it, at a little distance, were other houses, with wagon sheds, and, and beyond and mixed up with these a number of native huts. Further on were considerable fields, with springing corn; also we saw herds of cattle grazing on the slopes. Evidently our white man was rich, and was silent.

Umloogoo surveyed the place with a soldier's eye and said to me:

"This must be a peaceful country. Macumashu, where no attack is feared, since of defences I see none."

"Yes," I answered, "why not, with a wilderness behind it and bush void and a great river in front."

"Men can cross rivers and travel through bush void," he answered, and was silent.

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Continued from Page 9.

UPON

Just in the tree world
grow to big ones. Smoo
them out with Pond's Col
Cream

Heal Your Feet at Home

Holiday Garnishes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ANYTHING we can do to prepare food attractively or make its service attractive will enhance the desire and appetite for it. It is on this theory that famous chefs operate when they garnish and decorate our dishes. Some housekeepers usually ignore such aesthetic additions to food and continue to serve pot roast and gravy and mashed potatoes in the same porphyry way. But, ah, the taste, the charm, the delight of the attractive dish! Even a far simpler dish if neatly arranged on the platter, if brightened by a sprig of parsley, celery top or cut lemon looks better than food served in "sobs," as it has been called by the ton.

At holiday time there is more chance to decorate than at any other season. We want to be gay, and the foods should look gay also. How shall we do it?

First, the arrangement of the table is important. It should be symmetrical and balanced and never have the appearance of overloading. The beauty of the formal table is just this symmetry and restraint, without fussiness. If there is to be a centerpiece have it rightly proportioned to the size of the table, not too large or too small. If it be fruits or some form of Christmas scene be sure that it is finished and complete.

Many attractive centerpieces may be arranged with the aid of the trinkets from the tree—sleas, and chimneys, and a tiny tree, or little cypress, etc. all found on the favor counter at many stores. One charming table piece was made with the aid of a platter mirror with a sled alongside, a small red house near by and, of course, Santa Claus within call. The whole was sprinkled with powdered mica.

Polka-dots or holly is another more dignified decoration. The paper or velvet flowers are not dear, and against the snowy cloth make a rich effect. A place card of one flower should be at each place to correspond with the central decoration. The stars which make up especially the paper decorations, such as the paper nov-

elties, are well worth visiting, as they put out new things each season and will often demonstrate to the shopper how to produce garnish effects with their products.

I recall that once we wanted mirlatone to add the final charm to a table of green and white. But this plant was so scarce and dear that we couldn't procure it. So ingenuously a pair of scissors cut leaves from holly into the same shape as mirlatone leaves and a few pearl beads served on here and there gave a wonderful effect quite prettier than the real buds.

When we come to the preparation of food we have many little helpers to make the dishes more attractive. There is to be bought in the shops an orange duster, which removes the skin of the orange or grapefruit, leaving the fruit whole and the skin in shape to be a basket for holding jelly or candies. Again, there is a small perforated tool which saves out the edges of the orange or fruit rind, thus making a frework design which adds greatly to the effect.

A set of vegetable parers comes with little tubes or cutters which, if pressed down on a carrot, beet, etc., will cut it into shaped and pretty julienne or other strips. These are easy to operate and children love to use them. By pressing in one direction the strip is flattened and by pressing the other way the strip is cut off.

The small molds or cutters so much used by the French should be more used by the housekeeper. These are tubes with different sized openings, all found on the favor counter at many stores. One charming table piece was made with the aid of a platter mirror with a sled alongside, a small red house near by and, of course, Santa Claus within call. The whole was sprinkled with powdered mica.

Polka-dots or holly is another more dignified decoration. The paper or velvet flowers are not dear, and against the snowy cloth make a rich effect. A place card of one flower should be at each place to correspond with the central decoration. The stars which make up especially the paper decorations, such as the paper nov-



Mrs. Christine Frederick in Her Experimental Kitchen.

Often the tiny flowers can be cut by hand. In most of the shops selling paper novelties there can also be found sets of flowers made as violets, roses, etc. It is only necessary to poke a central wire through them, and presto! there is a paper flower. Even the more elaborate paper flowers are not difficult to make, and will often add great charm to table or room. Cranberries are another bright holiday touch which it is possible to utilize on food and on the tree. A big roast goose with his brown head decorated with cranberries on toothpicks is delightful. Strings of cranberries look like beads on the tree, and their making is a good employment for small hands during the holiday week.

In speaking of decorating we must not forget the small pans and cooking molds which make various foods so attractive. Patty pans with fluted edges should be in every pantry drawer. Individual mince pies and cakes cooked in them look and taste twice as good as when cooked in a big dish. Get good retained ware and not the cheap tinware.

A convenient little chopping device for the holidays is the "hatch-ette." This is a small wooden bowl, with a tiny chopping knife like a small scutcher, which can be used on nuts, fruits and many vegetables. It takes less space than the large bowl, and answers practically the same purpose.

No matter how simple and fragrant the food, set us think of its appearance. A few touches of green or other bright color will make even the plainest dish seem more desirable. Let's appeal to the eye as well as to the taste, for it is by the eye that we eat as much as by the favor. And holiday time furnishes the great opportunity for putting more color and beauty and attractive appearance into our table appointments.

Beauty's Question Box

PLEASE advise a tall, stout woman how she should dress to appear well.—INQUIRER.

The selection of clothes for a stout woman is a matter of some complexity, based as it is on matters of individual taste, age, income, etc., that no general rule can be given. But you are safe enough if you will avoid ruffles running across the figure, wear no neck cloths or conspicuous patterns and always choose dark or very quiet, soft-toned colors.

I AM a very young girl, but my breasts are so large that I would do almost anything to reduce them. Do you think anything of camphor would do any good?—MARIE T.

Camphor is an excellent ingredient to use in reducing, but I should not like to use it clear because the strongest effect on the skin is too marked. Here is a formula of a remedy that you can use to massage the superfluous flesh very gently every day:

100 parts of potassium..... 2 ounces
Camphor water..... 2 ounces
Alcohol..... 2 ounces

PLEASE inform me how to get rid of a double chin.—M. L.

A good plan is to do away with a pendulous chin by keeping the skin firm by treating the muscles into hardness by cold water compresses or application of ice. Bathing the skin with spirits of camphor is also

a most excellent remedy, especially if it is used in a lotion like this:

Camphor water..... 1 pint
Glycerine..... 1/2 ounce
Borax..... 1/2 ounce

I AM almost in my twenties, of medium height and weight, but have not a well-developed bust. Kindly tell me how to improve this and to fill out the hollows in my neck.—A. R.

You can often round out a flat bust by putting yourself on a strictly flesh-making diet, also by massaging this region every night before retiring with the following fattening cream:

Lanolin..... 4 ounces
Cocoa butter..... 4 ounces
Glycerine..... 4 ounces
Rosewater..... 4 ounces

KINDLY state how the sulphur and bay rum remedy which you advise for the prevention of gray hair should be applied.—R. A.

Apply a very small quantity of sulphur and bay rum the night before your shampooing day, rubbing the mixture well into the scalp with the tips of the fingers. Use once a week for a time and always shampoo the hair carefully the next day with castile soap and warm water. I am sure you will see the sulphur in lumps and allow to steep twelve hours. Such an infrequent use will not irritate the scalp, as will the sulphur in powdered form. Below are given the correct proportions:

Sulphur..... 2 ounces
Bay rum..... 8 ounces

About Your Feet

By Lina Cavalieri
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

DO you know that it is poorly fitting shoes and tender feet which make a woman old long before her time? It is true, but it is a condition that can be easily corrected. It is the artificially acquired tenderness of the feet that makes for short life.

We are born with feet adapted to carrying our weight and to doing all the walking that is necessary. They are ready for all the ordinary usages of life, but they are not ready, and never will be, for the extraordinary demands of the fitting and fashionably tight shoe with the nerve-straining French heel.

If you are a slender woman, or a very thin one, you can easily wear the kind of shoe the average dealer makes. If you are plump you will suffer from these shoes, as you would if your feet were in a vice. The children women of high rank suffer but little from this, for the modern woman of today in the matter of foot tortures.

The problem of how to wear shoes that make the feet comfortable and yet look like the shoes that many have tried to solve. Pending its solution, let me advise that you must choose between comfort and beauty for the feet of the future.

Long ago some one invented the advice that we must adhere to if we would remain young and supple in aging. And nothing makes us suffer more than foot tortures. The steady ache of tired or tormented feet causes weariness and loss of vitality and sometimes even actual illness.

The reason why the feet that have been made tender by misuse produce old age prematurely is that they shrink from exertion when our feet hurt us. Lack of exercise produces a long train of evils, and the feet suffer from it. They are the penalty exacted by nature for the indulgence of the feet.

Every reasonable human being knows that there is no reason, except vanity or carelessness, why the feet should not be as free from pain and trouble as the hands. The summer is the most trying time for the feet. Even perfect feet, never distorted by tight shoes, will swell in the summer and incline to one of the extremes—a hot, dry skin, or excessive moisture, and to become exceedingly tender.

The feet are in such conditions it is necessary to be even more careful of the feet in the summer than the winter. The feet should be bathed once a day in the winter. In the summer they should have two daily baths, one in the morning and one in the evening. The evening bath should be taken and if the feet be tender a teaspoonful of borax may be added to a quart of water. Let the borax dissolve, then bathe the feet in the water. If they are unusually sore, bathe with a solution of the ordinary bath of the feet, but soak them.

If necessary, add occasionally a pinch of hot water to keep the bath tepid. In the morning, if the feet are less tender and the need of soothing is less, the bath may be cooler. It may even, if the feet are young and vigorous, be cold. But you must be particularly careful of your shoes and stockings for winter wear.

A good plan is to wear shoes a size larger than usual and to wear stockings two sizes larger, for the purpose of allowing the feet to breathe and to prevent the shoes from the effect upon the stockings that the shoes cause a greater shrinkage.

Never wear patent leather shoes at any time. They keep out all the air from the feet. You will find it a good plan to wear high shoes altogether, or else wear low shoes with warm soles in the winter. The warmth of the latter protect your feet from dampness and the straps hold them on. Low shoes enable the feet to spread to

"WINDOWS OF THE SOUL" Eyes, the most noticeable feature of the face, are the windows of the soul. They give the first impression of the face. Eyes that are not framed by beautiful brows, are like windows without shutters. Eyes that are not framed by beautiful brows, are like windows without shutters. Eyes that are not framed by beautiful brows, are like windows without shutters.

DESTROY HAIR ON FACE BODY OR UNDER ARMS. EASILY AND QUICKLY AT SABA'S ELECTRIC, Specialist, 12 West 36th St., New York City.

IT'S OFF! EASILY! IT'S OUT! The scientific correct method for the removal of hair is by electrolysis. It is the only method that permanently destroys the hair root. It is the only method that permanently destroys the hair root. It is the only method that permanently destroys the hair root.

MADE THE SLEEVELESS GOWN POSSIBLE. BAZIN Famous French FOR REMOVING HAIR. Succeeded for over 30 years. Remove hair as fast as you wish—quick and certain. Leaves skin white and smooth. For armpits, face, hands and arms—does not hurt. A liberal quantity of the powder and complete outfit included. 50c a dollar a mail order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price out of U. S. 3c.

Special booklet and generous sample sent for 3c. HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., 230 Washington Street, New York.

their proper width and to let the toes lie loose and independent of each other. They give the feet the needed air and light which are so seldom permitted them. Excessive perspiration or, rather, its unpleasant effects can be checked by sprinkling the feet, especially between the toes, with boracic acid powder. The unpleasant effects can also be removed by adding a few drops of ammonia in the water in which the feet are bathed.

WOMEN Make Big Money
Thousands of successful women are making big money by selling their own products. They are not only making big money, but they are also enjoying the freedom and independence of being their own bosses. This is the chance of a lifetime for every woman who is willing to work hard and make a sacrifice for a better future. The Women's Business Directory is the key to this opportunity. It contains the names and addresses of thousands of successful women who are making big money. It is the only directory of its kind. It is the only directory that gives you the names and addresses of the women who are making big money. It is the only directory that gives you the names and addresses of the women who are making big money.

THEY IMITATE FRUIT FLAVORS
Many fruit flavors are mere imitations. They call them "re-inforced." In Jiffy-Jell desserts the flavors come in the form of fruit. There's a bottle in each package. The flavors are made by crushing fresh fruit. They are fruit-juice essences condensed. You serve real fruit when you serve Jiffy-Jell. You get the delights and the healthfulness of fruit. And people serve fruit daily. But these bottled fruit flavors are found in Jiffy-Jell only. To get them you must look for Jiffy-Jell and look for that name on the package. There are other desserts which sound like Jiffy-Jell, but they do not have these flavors.

Gave 65%
GUARANTEED 5000-MILE Tires
DURABLE RUBBER FABRIC
Tires don't wear so much as ordinary tires and are recommended to give long mileage. 15,000 satisfied customers testify to the quality and endurance of these tires.
LOWEST MILEAGE COST OF ANY.
Table Guaranteed Fresh Stock

TYPE	PRICE
24x22	\$22.50
24x22 1/2	\$23.50
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Sozodont

A SUPERIOR DENTIFRICE



Sozodont was the dentifrice of your childhood—the favorite of your parents and grandparents. They found it a superior mouth wash and teeth cleanser. It has stood the test of constant use by cultured and intelligent people for over sixty years.

The New Sozodont

TODAY **Sozodont** is presented in three forms—paste, powder, liquid. It is put up in modern, attractive packages—separately and in a convenient little box containing all three—which makes a complete toilet combination. Its essential qualities are the same as prompted its endorsement by three generations of dentists and gained universal acceptance.

Sozodont Is Honestly Advertised

It makes the mouth wholesome by washing away the bacteria of decomposition and decay. It hardens the gums through its mildly astringent qualities and the massaging effect of the brush. It neutralizes the acids of decomposition which start tooth decay, but it does not aim to change a harmless acid reaction due to digestive activity in the stomach; neither will it nor any other dentifrice prevent or stop pyorrhea. It does everything any dentifrice can do—prevents decay or disease from a prophylactic standpoint.

Only a Dentist Can Stop Decay—a Specialist Arrest Pyorrhea

SHOCKING advertisements and false claims attract the timid and unthinking, but medicated dentifrices are dangerous expedients. The careful and discerning still use **Sozodont**.

It Is the Dentifrice of Cultured and Discerning People

It is purifying and delightfully refreshing as a mouth wash—gives an aromatic fragrance to the breath, cleans the teeth without scratching, and gives them that lustrous polish that betokens a gentleman of culture—a woman of refinement.

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SOUND TEETH **SOZODONT** GOOD HEALTH

Buy the Sozodont Week-End Box Today

HALL & RUCKEL have recently designed an attractive Week-End Combination Dentifrice Box containing the famous **Sozodont** in its three forms—liquid, powder and paste. Each is complete in itself as a superior dentifrice, yet each has its particular purpose.

Sozodont Tooth Paste is the powder reduced to paste form for convenience in use and safety when traveling.

Sozodont Tooth Powder possesses the same antiseptic cleansing quality as the liquid, but stronger polishing power because of its powder ingredient.

Liquid **Sozodont** is designed as a teeth cleanser and an effective mouth wash. It is strongly antiseptic and effervescent. It permeates all the crevices between the teeth and its antiseptic properties purify all parts of the mouth and throat.

Get the three forms of **Sozodont** in the convenient Week-End Box today, at Drug and Department Stores, or it will be mailed post-paid by Hall & Ruckel, Inc., New York City, upon receipt of fifty cents. The coupon will insure prompt forwarding of your package. Use it.



HALL & RUCKEL,
Inc.,
New York City.

Gentlemen:
Kindly send me your very
desirable Week-End **Sozodont**
Box containing the dentifrice in
its three forms—liquid, powder,
paste. Enclosed find 50 cents.

Name.....

No. and Street.....

City and State.....